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COUNTRY LIFE

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FIXITY OF TENURE

MANY serious questions are raised by the proposal of the Government to give fixity of tenure to farmers. Only one sort of fixity of tenure has every justification for faith in it, and this, needless to say, is ownership. The policy of the Government should be to induce as many farmers as possible to purchase the land they cultivate. By doing so many causes of complaint would automatically be removed. When a man owns a property he has nothing to kick against when repairs or improvements are needed. He must see to these things himself. In return he has, instead of paying rent, the enjoyment of all the profits of the farm. No one can either dispossess him or raise his rent. The real reason why this argument is not appreciated at its full is that the rent charged by the landowners at the present moment is not an adequate return on the capital value of the land. The farmer may very reasonably argue that he can obtain

more for his money from a Government loan. He knows, too, that the landowner is in a cleft stick. Other sections of the agricultural interest have all derived very considerable advantage from the circumstances of the war. The wages of the labourer and the profits of the farmer have been very considerably increased; but rent remains practically where it was. Yet there has been no disposition to relieve the landowner of his responsibilities. He is blamed if the drainage is imperfect, if the outbuildings are insufficient, if the fences and roads are not kept up. Should he offer, as many landowners have done, to improve the adjuncts of the farm on the understanding that he will charge a moderate interest on his outlay, the proposal stands a great risk of being rejected. Yet his expenditure continues to rise; more has to be paid for rates and taxes, more for tithe—although a temporary limit has been placed on an increase in that direction. It would almost appear as though there had been a combination to take away from the landowner every inducement to improve his property. Fixity of tenure, of course, carries the implication of fixity of rent. Obviously, if the owner of land cannot serve a notice on his tenant, he cannot increase his rent. All this must be regarded broadly, not in the light of one interest or another, but justly as between man and man. It also must be looked at with a view to the consequences.

Already signs are apparent that the boom in land sales has very nearly exhausted itself. Probably it received its first impetus from the fact that a great number of people had made fortunes, or at least large sums of money, during the war, and when it was over they turned to the land, as Englishmen always have done. We never regarded that as a calamity. On the contrary, it has marked the conclusion of every great struggle on the part of the country, and the effect of introducing a considerable amount of new blood into the land owning class has invariably been salutary. The newcomers may suffer in certain respects from a comparison with their predecessors, but they have counteracting advantages. They come with minds fresh and not held in bonds by the prejudices and traditions handed down from a past generation. They are more inclined to try the effect of new systems of cultivation, new methods of manuring, new machinery, and so on. In a word, they have no prejudices to overcome. And, further, the multiplication of men who own land always makes for the stabilisation of the country. This is as true of small holders as of large. The man who lives by cultivating vegetables on his own 10-acre holding is just as proud of being a landowner as he who acquires a 600-acre farm. Hence the Government would be wise to lend all the influence it possesses to the multiplication of landowners.

In practice every practical man knows that if land is let on short tenure it is invariably the most satisfactory. It is an old saying in some parts of the Midlands where families have held the same land for generations that the longest lease is a twelve months' one. The reason is plain enough. If there is a long contract there is never, until the end of it, a complete clearance between the landowner and the tenant. There are various grievances that may be individually trivial, but mount up with irritating effect by force of numbers; whereas if the tenancy is yearly, then once in twelve months there is a complete settlement. The tenant probably thinks that certain things should have been done which were left undone, and the owner has his grievance too. But they meet, and either there is a discharge of the dissatisfaction on either side or they agree to part. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the former solution is found. Landowners, with very few exceptions indeed, know how to prize a good tenant. If they lose one who with his family has been there for a great number of years they know that probably several changes will have to be tried before they will get as good a man to take his place. That is in practice the remedy against insecurity of tenure.

Our Frontispiece

WE reproduce as our frontispiece of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE the portrait of Lady Curzon of Kedleston. She is the daughter of the late Mr. T. Monro Hinds of Alabama, U.S.A., and her marriage to Earl Curzon of Kedleston took place in 1917.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE PRINCE OF WALES, who spent Armistice Day in Washington, has made an excellent impression by his bearing in Canada. It would be a great mistake to think that this has been solely due to his youthful charm, although no doubt that has been a factor; but the real explanation is that the Prince of Wales in Canada, as in London, has done his best to get into touch with the realities of the position—in other words, to understand the Canadian point of view. At the present moment Canada is extremely conscious of being a grown-up nation. It is in the position of a son to Great Britain, but a son who has chosen his career and is successfully carving out his own fortune in it. The Prince of Wales, with characteristically sympathetic understanding, appreciated that point of view fully. He has entered into the minds of the audiences who flocked around him everywhere, and his popularity is in large measure due to his exact expression of the aspirations of the Dominion. For that reason he will return to England a useful adviser in Imperial matters.

ENGLAND and Scotland have had this week as guest M. Poincaré, the great President of France. Although M. Poincaré has not come so dramatically before the public as his Prime Minister, M. Clemenceau, the inhabitants of this country need no telling that he has filled the office of the First Magistrate of France with extraordinary efficiency and dignity. He has ever been watchful of the public interest, and yet careful never to intrude his own personality unnecessarily. The way in which he heartened his countrymen at the beginning of the war evoked the admiration of all the allies of the French. His "Fight and endure speech" can never be forgotten. M. Poincaré is not an abstract philosopher. He has been a lawyer and he has been a journalist, with the result that he has become a man of the world in the best sense. He understands always that he is dealing with human nature, at once capable of great heroism and yet prone to sudden weaknesses which seems inherent in the human race. It will be to his lasting credit that he developed what was the strongest and best in our heroic Allies and thus played a great part in leading them to that victory which crowned the end of the struggle.

THE trade returns for October are not discouraging, in spite of the set-back given by the railway strike. Imports have advanced by thirty-six millions, or about 30 per cent. ahead of October of last year, but the increase of exports touches the same figure. Thus the balance of trade continues to be against us. There is no stoppage of the process in which we have been engaged of adding fifty millions a month to our former indebtedness. On the other hand, an increase of 50 per cent. on our importation of raw material points to an increased activity in our factories which, with nursing and industry, should bear fruit in future returns. The situation disclosed is a difficult one, and to meet it there must be a frugality in the use of those luxuries which we import from abroad and plenty of hard work in order that we may have the exports wherewith to pay for the food we bring in.

AT the annual dinner of the Motor Manufacturers last Saturday night Sir Eric Geddes made a very interesting speech, in which he indicated some of the directions in which he hopes to improve road transport. His principal reference was to the traffic over a fifty mile radius from our great towns. In regard to long journeys, such as that from London to Edinburgh, it would be impossible to do better than the train. But in the neighbourhood of large towns the railways would be greatly relieved and the convenience of the public increased by the institution of such dirigible trains without rails as he described. The first difficulty in the way is that of improving the roads. At present each county manages its own highways with the result that there is no good through road. If you begin on a good one the chances are that you come to a bad one as soon as the county boundary is crossed.

IT would be a very expensive undertaking to make the entire system fit for the class of traffic contemplated by the Minister of Transport. The following figures were given by Sir Eric Geddes. A water macadam road, 40ft. wide, costs £4,690 a mile to re-surface. If it is tar macadam the figure rises to £7,700. A super-first class asphalted road runs to £18,000 a mile, and wood pavement to £47,000. No wonder Sir Eric Geddes shies at asking the Government to lay out the vast sums which these figures imply. He is rather of the opinion that the money should be found by the users of the road, that is to say, the owners of the vast fleet of motor vehicles which would be called into being. He also holds that the estates which are benefited by this vast traffic should be contributors. But he was only stating the factors in the situation. The first practical step towards the realisation of his dream is that a fair and reasonable plan should be fixed upon for providing funds.

THE SAGE.

I have been young and ardent and a fool;
But long ago I sat in Wisdom's school.
Time was my tutor and has lessened me
From the broad pages of humanity;
Learning has weighted me and knowledge filled;
Supremacy, art, honour—these I willed
And have attained.

All passes and all palls;
Age is at hand; the creeping shadow falls.
Of race and goal, of venturings and gains,
What now, to light life's residue, remains?
That once, before I sat in Wisdom's school,
I have been young and ardent and a fool.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society comes of age this week and will celebrate the occasion by playing foursomes and dining together afterwards. Primarily this is a purely domestic festival, but it possesses also a wide interest. Apart from its own tours and matches, the Society may claim by its example to have added to the sum total of good golf and good fellowship. In the last twenty-one years many other such societies have been founded in pious imitation, and those having some common bond, whether in their profession or in their old school or university, have enjoyed many pleasant and jovial days together, playing not too solemnly, yet with that spur of patriotic ardour which gives a zest to the game. They have learned, too, something of the subtler joys of foursome play. It may be urged against golf that it is a selfish game and a team match at golf is apt to be only an aggregation of single combats. But in a foursome there is that element of self-sacrifice, of common suffering and common triumph, for which all games are the better. Mr. John Low and Mr. Croome the only begetters of the Oxford and Cambridge Society, have always preached and insisted on foursomes, and those who have imitated them have been better, wiser and more cheerful golfers ever afterwards.

NO game has, perhaps, suffered so severely from the war as Rugby football, and the effect is still almost pitifully apparent. The Universities are, by comparison, at any rate, stronger than ever. They have a steady flow of reinforcements from the schools. This year, too, they possess a number of players who, while still in the prime of their youth, are yet older than the average undergraduate and are probably all the stronger, harder and more fit for their years spent in the Army. The same is very likely true of the hospitals, and it is noticeable that Guy's have an exceptionally fine fifteen and an untarnished record. But from the great London clubs the balance of power has temporarily shifted. Blackheath,

always rich in recruits, are still strong, though they fell before the terrible Welshmen from Newport, but the Harlequins, Richmond and the London Scottish are as yet but shadows of their old selves. This is not at all surprising. Many players have retired, and those who have come back are something stiffer and slower than of old. Five years have brought them perilously near to thirty, an age when a Rugby football player becomes an illustrious veteran, and the newcomer must take time to settle down. But this temporary weakness of the flesh is of little moment so long as the spirit remains so splendidly willing. Enthusiasm has not failed in the least, and everything else will follow.

A NEW proposition may be very startling, but as long as it exists only in a mathematical formula and has not been stated in plain English it means nothing to the ordinary man. This is a fair description of the discovery of the German physicist, Einstein, which the President of the Royal Society declares to be of great importance. The occasion on which he made this statement was the delivery of the report, by representatives of Cambridge University and Greenwich Observatory on the eclipse of the sun which they had gone to study at Brazil and Principe. They came back with evidence from photographs that the light from stars was deflected by the attraction of the sun as much as a cannon ball at its highest speed would be. On this Einstein had calculated, and the result proves him to have been in the right. It means a very great change in some of our conceptions—a going back in the case of light. Following Newton, the scientific world for two hundred years has regarded light as not in itself a substance, but as a vibration and a manifestation of energy. But if it is, as seems now to be proved, affected by the ordinary laws of gravity, then it has weight and is therefore a substance. That seems to be the gist of the discovery, and certainly it will lead to many reconstructions of old theories. One thing, if light is a substance it can be proved also to be a fourth dimension, since the size of everything must be determined by the rate at which it is travelling. What else is implied will become more apparent after further study. The change may appear at present theoretical, in so far that it is not going to affect the ordinary operations of humanity; but it leads thought very far indeed, and must ultimately play a great part in modifying our ideas of space, time, eternity, and the other, as was thought, insoluble mysteries of the universe.

NOW that Parliament is in a position to settle down to work there are a few very important but not spectacular steps which, if taken, would greatly benefit the country, particularly in regard to the production of food. One of these is embodied in the Seeds Bill now before the House of Commons. Everybody now recognises that seeds should never be sold without a guarantee of purity. The merchant must be obliged to sell the seed he professes to sell, not to mix with it seeds of thistles, docks, plantains and other farm vegetable pests. But this in itself is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by regulations tending to keep down the growth of weeds not only on cultivated fields and gardens, but along hedgerows, on waste ground, and, in fact, anywhere that makes it possible for wind to blow the seeds over adjoining land. Every good cultivator knows what a nuisance it is to have a neighbour who neglects this precaution. Similar responsibility will devolve also upon those local authorities who are in charge of the roads, as the roadside is too often a nursery for malignant weeds.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with this a new effort should be made to protect the farmer against having adulterated foodstuffs for cattle palmed off on him. It is notorious that the quality of cake, for example, has gone down to an extraordinary extent during the war. The manufacturer has had to deal on the one hand with an enhanced demand, and the temptation of high prices, and on the other with the possibility of adding to the bulk of his cake by adulteration. The first step to cure this is publicity. It is probable that no great penalty would have to be imposed if it were made imperative that the vendor of food for cattle should be obliged to disclose its contents. This applies particularly to compound cake. The farmer is not wanting in shrewdness, and it is tolerably evident that he would not buy cake if it were stated by the seller to contain a considerable admixture of, say, sawdust. Where the trader would require punishment would be in cases where he knowingly falsified his guarantee. If he said frankly that his compound cake was composed of a few valuable and many worthless materials, the farmer would be able to take care of himself.

WE hope that Trades Unionists, as well as the Wages Board, will very carefully consider the meaning of the occurrence at the first hiring fair of the autumn held at Driffield on Monday. In the words of the report, "the attendance of farmers was *nil*, although farm hands attended in hundreds." The meaning of this illustrates the truth we have insisted on all along. It is that if the farmer is compelled to employ men at high wages, whether they are working or not, he will dispense with their services when they are not needed. Factory conditions are altogether different from those on the farm. The factory hand works independently of weather and season. On the farm the great bulk of the work is done in spring and autumn, and winter is a very slack time, during which the necessary hands are only those required to attend to the livestock. Trades Unions have not given the consideration to this point that it deserves. They have right and left recommended farm labourers to make only short engagements, whereas anyone who really knows the conditions can feel no doubt whatever that a twelve months' contract is the best for them. It should be a contract involving constant work and constant pay. A short engagement means that they are liable to be dismissed in winter.

THAT is exactly what has happened at the moment.

Farmers are not assuming any aggressive attitude; but one who is in almost daily converse with them individually may be trusted to assert only what he knows when he says that the individual farmer has made up his mind to reduce the great cost of labour by dispensing with all hands who are superfluous in winter. As it happens, the present season is an extremely favourable one for the application of this policy. For many a year the work of ploughing and sowing has not been so far forward. Wheat and oats are already well advanced in growth, so that for the time being the ordinary farmer has not any need of the staff which was necessary in summer. But surely this is bad for labour. The farm hand of to-day has discovered a new value in his garden owing to the high price of vegetables and other foodstuffs. Dismissal means in many cases that he must change his home in order to find work, and thus the pains he has taken with his garden are lost to him. Besides, the general effect must be to create a vast amount of unemployment. The Wages Board has acted very impulsively in dealing with the hours of labour, and the farmer complains of this far more than about the high wages. The latter he is reconciled to, but he contends that the hours of labour are absurd.

PRAYER IN AUTUMN.

Grant me, O God, that when the summons calls
That I may be even as these tall trees,
Splendidly facing death, g'lorious and proud,
Clad in the gold and scarlet of their leaves.

Grant me a little of their ardent joy,
Burning, yet unconsumed in autumn's fires;
A little of their strength and peace be mine,
And all the courage which their grace inspires.

Grant that as they, dauntless to the end,
Radiant and strong, in all their beauty bright,
I too may stand, happy in hope and faith,
Before I pass into the unknown night.

GUY RAWLENCE.

WITH the policy of increased production announced by Lord Lee at Gloucester we are in hearty agreement; but the President ventured into stormy waters when he ended by advocating fixity of tenure. The idea is repugnant to English principles of freedom. It is an endeavour to increase the chains under which husbandry has to slave. The pretext is flimsy. Any landowner who gave notice to a good tenant from mere caprice or without reason would be insane. It is in every way to his interest that he should stick to good tenants and give them every reasonable encouragement. Lord Lee does not seem to be aware of the new spirit that is coming into landowning. It is evidenced by the presence in the Cambridge School of Agriculture of more sons of landowners than have ever been known previously to take up the study of estate management. No inducement has been held out to make the landowner thoroughly interested in his business. If a farmer really desires fixity of tenure the way to secure it is by purchasing his holding. That gives the only fixity founded on sound economic principles.

LORD ASTOR'S DAIRY FARM



THE HERD AT PASTURE.

CLIVEDEN and White Place Dairy Farm is a most interesting establishment, but as different as can be from either of the two best known types of dairy, which types are respectively that of the rich landowner and that of the working farmer. One might easily expect it to conform to the former. For models the owner of Cliveden might very naturally have taken Sandringham of the days when Queen Alexandra's dairy was a delightful place in which to take tea on a Sunday afternoon, or Tring as it was when Mr. Richardson Carr's unsurpassed skill and knowledge were at the service of the late Lord Rothschild, or Lord Rosebery's at Mentmore, whence issued butter churned under the superintendence of a queen among dairywomen.

Lord Astor's ambition did not run in that direction. Following the example of Mr. Wilfred Buckley, he defines his objects in plain, purpose-like terms: to produce clean, hygienic milk, to run the farm on a businesslike and commercial basis, and to have good conditions of labour. In some features the dairy resembles that of an ordinary dairy farmer, though in the other respects the difference is that between night and day. He is achieving a patriotic purpose by showing that with ordinary cows and ordinary capital the working farmer may, along with the bubble reputation, win the solid reward of increased payment by getting his milk officially passed and certified.

Suppose a visiting farmer to have been in my position, what would he have sought to learn? First, no doubt, the composition of the herd. When he reads in the papers that a shorthorn cow has been sold for £5,000 or remembers that a few months ago a bull's price ran into five figures, he thinks the figures belong to a world beyond that in which he moves. But the animals at Cliveden are exactly such as he might have sent to market or driven from it—serviceable, useful milkers such as would naturally come into the possession of a good buyer with a limited purse. There is a sprinkling of 1,000-gallon cows; there are one or two with a pedigree, but the herd is being built up by judicious purchases and the yearly addition of calves from the best milkers. From the farmer's point of view the bulls would be set down as good, but not out of the common.

What would amaze the visitor most would be the

simple yet, to him, unusual measures taken to keep the milk clean. Farmers have been ill-educated on this point. The Cliveden cows are washed and brushed. Hardened cakes of dung are not seen sticking to their sides or tails. They do not wallow outside the byre in a mass of filth and mud from which a dark liquid oozes into a neighbouring duck-pond. The milkers at Cliveden have to wash and dry their hands; they wear clean white overalls. The covered-in milking buckets are scalded daily. Long hairs are clipped off the udders; tails are trimmed. A large concrete collecting yard (representing only an annual charge in the books of £6 per annum), which is hosed daily, enables the stock to be assembled and brought into the buildings in a reasonably clean condition. Any who have tried to round up cows on a dark December morning at 4 a.m. in the sea of mud, which usually adjoins farm buildings, will appreciate the convenience of this yard.

It is in the treatment of the cows, the milk, the implements used by the milkers, and the buildings that the vast differences occur between the old method and the new. Lord Astor has adopted the system which originated in America and, in fact, is carried out in this country by Mr. Buckley. In the forenoon of my visit opportunity was afforded of looking at the stock and the appliances, and, in the afternoon, of following the process from the cleaning of the cow to the bottling of the milk.

Before proceeding with the account, it should be premised that the establishment is as yet only in the making. Where much work has to be done in building, concreting and rearranging progress has been and must be slow in these days. Along the length of the cow-house and of the milking-house,

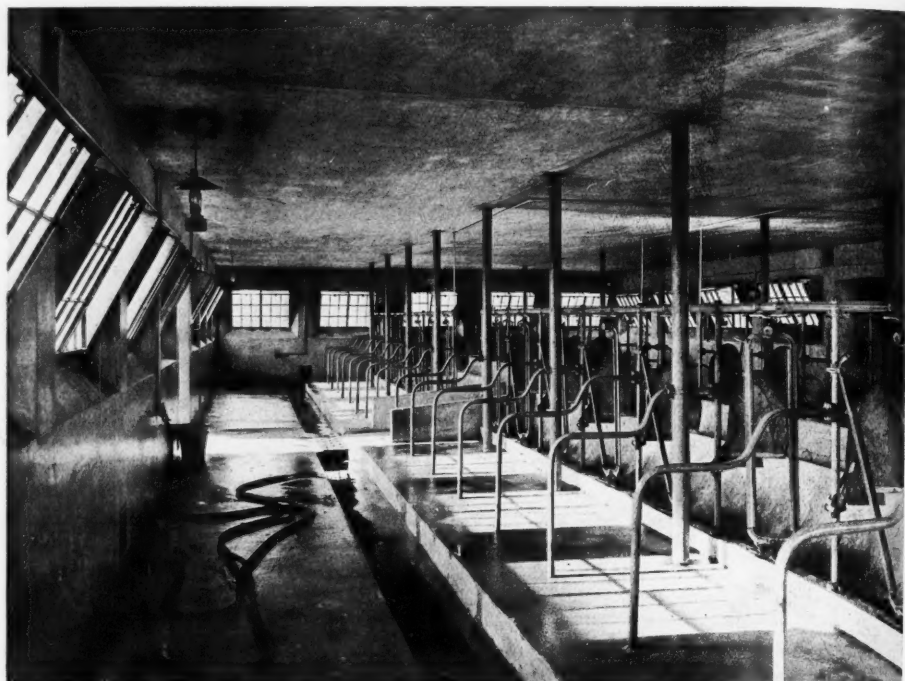


THE MILKING-HOUSE AND YARDS.

which is one of the features of the place, are stalls for the cattle separated from one another, not by wooden partitions, but by iron stanchions. No wood is used except a thin slip inside the iron yoke. By a simple contrivance the yoke at a touch swings completely round, so that the occupant of the stall is under no undue restraint. This is handy in another respect, as, if the cow does not, as is usual, place her head immediately within the yoke, the latter can in a second be swung round so as to encircle her neck. In order to prevent any animal claiming a share of its neighbours' food the mangers are partitioned off.

After lunch the working of the whole scheme was seen. While the milking herd was being collected in the "assembly" yard the head cowman placed the rations in the troughs. The rations are two in number. One is a bare maintenance ration and may be described as the minimum wage. It consisted on this particular day of Indian corn, grown as forage and cut by machinery; an equal share to all, a realisation among dumb animals of the Socialistic dream for humanity. But, alas! a pure democracy does not exist even for dumb animals. The experienced cowman now comes along with a barrow of crushed oil-cake and with mathematical precision awards merit by dealing a ration based on each cow's milk yield. A cow giving more than the average receives extra rations (and what is all wealth but extra rations?) in the proportion of a pound of cake for every three extra pints of milk. Thus does the 1,000-gallon cow revel in plenty while her sister with a lower yield

the yoke with a click, which the cow does not observe, so closely is she engaged in munching. When all are settled and forty feeding like one, men and maids begin the work of cleaning. Water is the agent employed; and be it noted that without water in plenty no farmer could carry out the system.

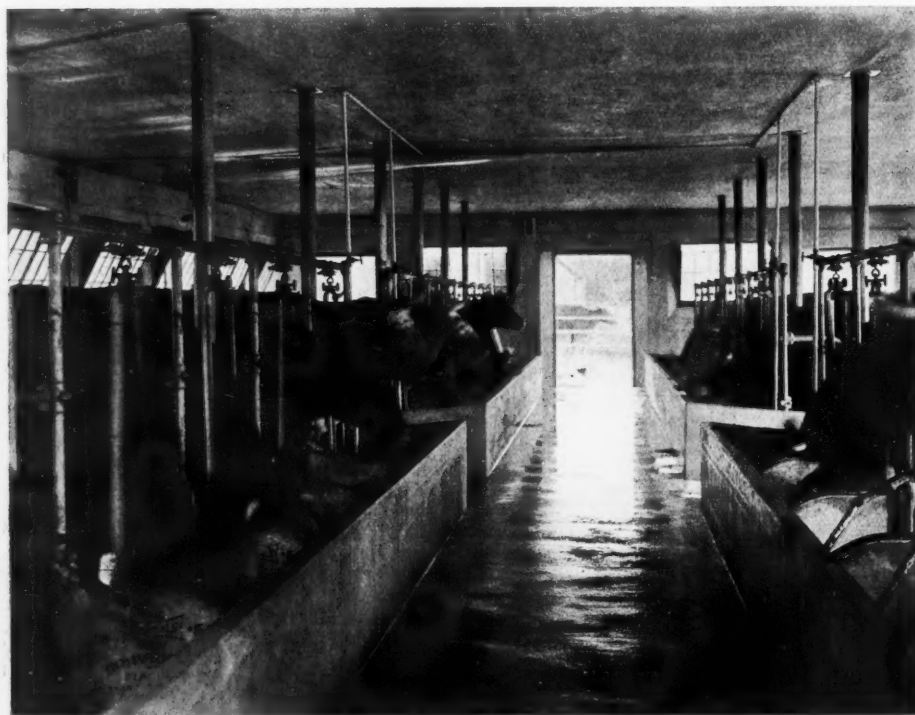


SHOWING THE STALLS, DRAIN AND YOKES.

The milking house is provided with taps, hose, pails and big brushes, and the reader must bear in mind that while we have been prattling about fittings and buildings slender but strong and active girls have been plying hose and broom. Yards and yards of stout piping enable them to deluge wall, stall and floor. The water is carried away by the two great drains arranged to catch the cow droppings, and thence to an adjacent meadow where it has a manurial value, although it is not strong enough to be with advantage run into the liquid manure tank.

Now that the kine have settled to their meal, the hose is plied vigorously on their haunches. After the hose the brush is applied with plenty of elbow grease till the animals stand groomed clean and ready for milking. They do not dislike the ordeal by water in the slightest, and in the hot weather, when flies were a plague, they used to rush gladly to this cool retreat from their little enemies. They liked the refreshing water and brush in August, and even in exceptionally cold October weather they accept the treatment with contentment. Away go the milkers now to wash their hands, put on their clean white milking overalls, and exchange the hose and the broom for little stools and ingenious cans, so designed that nothing can fall

directly into them from above. The milker wilfully spills the first milk drawn from any teat, not, as a poet might imagine, by way of offering a libation to the divinity of the cow-byre, but because this portion of the milk lying in the teat is most likely to contain bacteria. When the milk has been carried to the weighing room and the contents of each pail weighed



COWS IN THE MILKING SHED.

has a proportionately small ration. Thus waste of foodstuff is avoided.

When the Food Controller has done his work the door is opened and the cows enter. Each knows its stall and makes for it sedately or with a greedy trot, according to temperament. As she enters the acting milkmaid fastens

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BOTTLING.



CLIPPING HAIRS OFF THE UDDER.



WEIGHING AND RECORDING ROOM.

and recorded the milkers never touch it again. The pails are emptied into a tank, whence by a short movable pipe the milk is conveyed to the bottling room. It passes through a fine sieve, far finer than muslin, and trickles over the cooler into a tank out of which the bottles are filled. Previous to this the bottles have been washed with the aid of an ingenious revolving brush, which is inserted through the mouth. All vessels are scalded by steam. It may be added that the bottle is a very presentable one and that when capped it is ready to be placed on the breakfast table.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the infinite pains taken to render the contamination of the milk impossible. Bottles, pails and other utensils are absolutely sterilised by steam. Cork is not used to close the bottle, but a sterilised disc is put into the neck by means of a small automatic hand machine, and over this a paper cap is placed by a second machine, the object of the latter being to protect the lip of the bottle from contamination in the course of the frequent handling which it will have to undergo. Proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it, and the success of this method is best seen in the results given by analysis. The average London milk contains about 3,500,000 bacteria per c.c. The count of the same quantity between April 24th and September 25th of the present year ranged from 30 up to 24,600, the latter figure, however, being due to an accident which can easily be avoided in the future. The average count, roughly speaking, lies in the region of 300. In addition to counting the bacteria, there is a periodical examination on the basis of a score card recommended by the Certified Milk Producers' Association and the London Clean Milk Society. This score is so interesting that we print it at the end of the article, with the marks obtained by the White Farm herd.

It will be noticed that the total score was 94 per cent. of the maximum and, good as this is, it would have been better but for the fact that a considerable amount of work still remains to be done before the dairy is brought into the condition designed for it.

The production of clean milk has been achieved. We may add that there is no difficulty about the sale. Customers are to be found in abundance who are ready and willing to give an extra price for milk which they know to be absolutely pure.

A word may be said in passing about the great advantage of weighing and recording the milk daily. It is found that a weekly return will not for a year give the same average as a daily one. Exactitude, therefore, is in favour of the latter. But still more important is the fact that it enables a finger to be put at once upon anything that has gone wrong. If the yield of a cow, for instance, shows a marked falling off, it is certain there must be a good reason for it. A case occurred during the day of this visit when a young cow showed a marked falling off and, attention being drawn to her by this fact, it was found that she

was suffering from a chill that would almost certainly have been neglected where the observation was less careful. The system of book-keeping enables anyone to see at a glance whether the results are coming out satisfactorily or not. Its main feature is a system of monthly costings that is well worthy of being copied by the dairy farmer. It rests on a basis



SERVING OUT RATIONS



MILKING DRESS AND HYGIENIC MILK CANS.

of careful accounts being kept of the work done on each field. The worker has to keep two sheets, one an ordinary time-sheet and the other showing the nature and location of his work. Where this is done regularly there can be no difficulty in ascertaining the cost price of any farm produce. Another great requirement in a dairy farm of this kind is that the hands should be keen and interested in the work. Unless this is so it is impossible to avoid failure, as everything depends upon punctuality and exactitude; but this difficulty, too, has been surmounted. The principle of the standardisation of labour as expounded by Mr. Ponsonby is carried out in a modified form, and an excellent system of profit-sharing has been instituted. Whether these be the effective forces or not, the end, at any rate, has been reached, and one could not desire to see a more thoroughly alive and interested staff at work.

EQUIPMENT.	SCORE. Perf. All.	METHODS.	SCORE. Perf. All.
COWS.			
Health ..	6 6	Cleanliness of cows ..	8 8
Apparently in good health 1		(Free from obvious dirt, 6.)	
If tested with tuberculin within a year and no tuberculosis is found, or if tested within six months and all reacting animals removed 5		COWSHEDS.	
(If tested within a year and reacting animals are found and removed, 3.)		Cleanliness of cowsheds ..	7 7
Food (clean and wholesome) ..	1 1	Floor ..	2
Water (clean and fresh) ..	1 1	Walls ..	1
COWSHED.		Roofs, rafters and ledges ..	1
Location of cowshed ..	2 2	Mangers and partitions ..	1
Well drained ..	1	Windows and artificial lights ..	2
Free from contaminating surroundings ..	1	Stable air at milking time ..	4 4
Construction of cowshed ..	4 4	Freedom from dust ..	2
Impervious floor ..	1	Freedom from odours ..	2
Raised standing space and efficient gutters ..	1	Cleanliness of bedding ..	1 1
Impervious walls and easily cleaned ceiling or roof ..	1	Yards around cowshed ..	2 1½
Proper stall and manger ..	1	Clean ..	1
		Well drained ..	1
		Removal of manure daily to 50ft. from cowshed ..	2 2
		MILK ROOM OR MILK HOUSE.	
		Cleanliness of milk room ..	3 2½

EQUIPMENT.	SCORE. Perf. All.	METHODS.	SCORE. Perf. All.
COWSHED.			
Provision for light ..	5 5	UTENSILS.	
Daylight, 3 sq. ft. per cow 3		Care and cleanliness of utensils ..	10 10
(2 sq. ft. per cow, 2; 1 sq. ft. per cow, 1. Deduct for uneven distribution.)		Thoroughly washed ..	3
Artificial light ..	2	Sterilized in live steam for 15 minutes ..	3
Ventilation ..	6 6	(Placed over steam jet, or scalded with boiling water, 2.)	
Air space per cow, 600 cub. ft. 3		Protected from contamination ..	3
(Less than 600 cub. ft., 2; less than 500 cub. ft., 1; less than 400 cub. ft., 0.)		Cleanliness of milking stools ..	1
Provision for fresh air ..	3	MILKING.	
Air inlets and outlets through walls, 1; and roof, 1; windows to open widely, 1.		Care and cleanliness of milking ..	12 11½
Bedding ..	1 1	Clean, dry hands ..	4
Facilities for cleansing ..	1 1	Udders clipped ..	3
(Water supply for washing stalls, gutters and gangways, and for hands of milkers.)		Udders and flanks washed and wiped ..	4
UTENSILS.		(Udders cleaned with moist cloth, 3; cleaned with dry cloth or brush at least 15 minutes before milking 1.)	
Construction and condition of utensils ..	1 1	Fore milk discarded ..	1
Water for cleaning ..	1 1	HANDLING THE MILK.	
(Clean, convenient and abundant.)		Cleanliness of attendants in milk room ..	1 1
Small-top milking pail ..	4 4	Milk removed immediately from cowshed without pouring from pail ..	2 2
Steam ..	1 1	Cooled immediately after milking each cow ..	1 1
Milk cooler ..	1 1	Cooled below 50° F. ..	5 2
Clean milking suits ..	1 1	(Cooled below 54° F. 3.)	
MILK ROOM OR MILK HOUSE.		(Cooled below 58° F. 2.)	
Location: free from contaminating surroundings ..	1 1½	Transportation below 50° F ..	1
Construction of milk room ..	2 1½	Transportation in proper vessels ..	1 1
Separate rooms for washing utensils and handling milk ..	1 1		
Total ..	40 38½	Total ..	60 55½
Equipment ..	38½	Methods ..	55½ = 94
		FINAL SCORE.	

NOTE 1.—If any exceptionally filthy condition is found, particularly dirty utensils, the total score may be further limited.

NOTE 2.—If the water is exposed to dangerous contamination, or there is evidence of the presence of a dangerous disease in animals or attendants, the score shall be 0.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON HUNTING.—II. BY LIEUT.-COLONEL J. MACKILLOP.

IN the previous letter we had arrived at the meet, and nothing up to that point had occurred to suggest that we were not old hands. Unless something of a game is understood by the spectator much of the enjoyment is lost. We watch and read of cricket with interest because we know the rudiments of the game, if we are not all entirely familiar with the science and niceties of it. Baseball may be quite as good a game, but the first time we see it, not understanding what it is all about, we fail to appreciate its points and the whole is a mixed-up affair. So it will be with hunting, and in the following lines I will try and convey to you how the game is played by fox, hounds and huntsman and, finally, by that larger but less important body, the spectators. It is quite easy to recognise the officials. The huntsman, whips and second horsemen, also the Master, invariably wear red coats and velvet hunting caps. If it were not for hunting the fox would have disappeared from these islands long ago, as did the wolf and wild boar. In non-hunting countries he has many enemies and few friends. But in hunting countries he is preserved and gamekeepers are paid certain fees every time a fox is found in their coverts. Foxes move about at night; like dogs, they have big stomachs and slow digestions—as opposed to the horse, which has a small stomach and quick digestion—and sleep all day. They roam far and wide after dark, and in their marauding expeditions learn to know the country like a tax collector. At certain



Coiled up and asleep.

seasons of the year they go for miles, and "travelling" foxes usually give the big historic gallops. In the daytime they mostly occupy holes in the ground, called "earths," made by themselves, or artificial "earths" put down for their

accommodation. Occasionally foxes do not occupy earths. These are called "stub bred," and lie out in willow beds—most uncomfortable places, unapproachable and waterlogged. Some few live in hollow trees and odd places, but 90 per cent. may be said to live in "earths." After a night's foraging (and it is a great mistake to think that foxes are always after farmers' chickens; they live largely on vermin, rats, hedgehogs, and so on) the fox returns to his "earth" to sleep off his heavy meal. It is pretty clear, therefore, as we go hunting in the daytime, that unless something is done, all the foxes will be underground and unget-at-able. Therefore, notice is given to keepers and professional earth-stoppers that on a certain day such and such area will be hunted, and they, after the fox has quitted the earth and before he has had time to return, block up the entrance to the hole. This is called "putting to." Finding his egress is barred, the fox will "lie out" in the coverts, that is, coil up somewhere and go to sleep. Let us leave him there and say a word on hounds.

You will wonder, perhaps, why so many hounds are required to hunt a fox. Hounds hunt by scent almost entirely. Of course, they will run in view till they lose sight of the fox, when they drop their noses and hunt by scent. If scent were always good few hounds would do well enough; any pack of curs will hunt a fox if scent is good enough; but scent is often faint and catchy and good in covert and bad out, and *vice versa*. When scent is bad one hound may pick up the line and bring the others to it, and in drawing for a fox an odd hound "hits off" the line and the balance of the hounds join in. To hunt a country four days a week sixty couples of hounds used to be thought not too many. Nor were they, as hounds will not turn out too often; their feet may be damaged, and for many reasons some may be kept in kennels. Since the war many packs are much depleted, hounds having been "put down" in deference to the Food Controller. Later in the season brood bitches are laid up and the pack further reduced. Some huntsmen hunt all bitches together on one day and all dogs on another, and do not mix the packs till late in the season, when, from shortage of hounds, they must. Other huntsmen mix the packs, putting in a few big bitches with the dogs and a few small dogs with the bitches. Bitches are apt to

be flighty; dogs work closer, the latter help to steady the bitches, but bitches undoubtedly sharpen up the dogs. The main idea is to get the best hunting qualities out of each. Hounds are very expensive to keep, and if you want to do a real good turn and become popular, "walk" a puppy—that is, after he is weaned from his mother, take him or better still, take two, and keep them for a few months till they are old enough to go back to kennels and form the new entry for the coming season.

The foxhound is a lethargic, lazy-looking, handsome animal at the covert side, serious and sagacious, no playing about or gambolling like other dogs. But when running a fox he is a different article altogether, full of dash and drive and, when closing up on a beaten fox, with his hackles up, tremendously fierce and keen. I have seen foxhounds when used for stag hunting, go for a stag at bay time after time and receive some cruel wounds from his horns. Foxes in coverts are found by what is called "drawing" for them. Hounds are put into covert and spread themselves out, and one or another is likely to put the fox on his feet. A huntsman usually, if it suits the covert and agrees with the direction he wants the fox to go in, draws up wind to give the hounds the advantage of the wind, if the wind is not too high. If it is



A whipper-in is placed at some vantage point.

hunting hounds to avoid the rope. A whipper-in is usually placed at some vantage point at the corner of the covert from which he can see both sides, and another or a second horseman at some other point from which he commands a view of a fox "breaking" covert. These are to "holloa" a fox away—that is, give the huntsman warning when a fox quits. The duties of whippers-in and the art and abuse of "holloaing" need a word, but of this later. The huntsman and the huntsman only goes into covert, if it is of any size, with hounds, and by voice and horn draws the pack to places which have not been tried and cheers them on a fox when found and gets them out of covert as quickly as possible if a fox is "holloaed away."

Get familiar with the sound of the huntsman's voice and know what the various weird noises mean and what the "toots" on his horn imply and then, though you do not see him, you will know what is going on. "Hound language" is very difficult to explain, as these sounds have no equivalent in spelling. "Yoicks," "Forward on," "Hark to Rover," and so on are only used in poetry and on the music-hall stage in sporting revues. A man would need lungs like a gladstone bag and a larnyx of brass to shout "Yoicks" very loud and often. Let me try phonetically to convey what language the huntsman employs. As he puts hounds into covert he usually says "'Eu in there," and when inside, "toite, toite," or something like it, as he draws the pack towards any particular spot, "Lu, Lu, Wind'im, wind'im" (English, smell him out), with an occasional single staccato note on the horn. If the covert is "blank," i.e., no fox, a prolonged swelling note calls hounds out of covert. When all are out he blows a long single note—for the whips who, when the covert is blank, go in and crack any remaining hounds on to the huntsman. If a fox is found the huntsman encourages hounds with



A huntsman . . . draws up wind.

and there is a good deal of noise in the tree-tops, he would not draw up-wind, because a fox might be "chopped"—that is, pounced upon before he had got on his legs. The object of hunting in the regular season is to provide runs and kill foxes at the end of them, not to "mob" foxes in covert. One would, perhaps, imagine that it would be a good way to get the fox out by cracking whips and making a noise, and not by putting hounds in covert at all. But a fox well found is half killed, and huntsmen like hounds to find and "come away" with their foxes. I know lots of coverts in Ireland, and some in England, which are just a small square of gorse or whins planted specially for foxes, and if there are likely to be several foxes in it, the huntsman blows his horn and cracks his whip and often a fox quits; he then lays hounds on, does not disturb the covert, and gets a better start close on his fox; but it is a bad thing for hounds; their heads are always up, and they will not draw well when wanted. Good hounds are known by their drawing qualities, trying here, trying there. If they gaze about, scratch themselves and roll about, they had better be hanged. Some odd hounds, however, are very good on the line, but won't draw, and hang about the huntsman's heels; but they have to be very good



Blowing the "Gone away."

"Hi, tally'o, Hi, tally'o" and a double note on the horn, known as "doubling the horn." The huntsman knows the sound of the hound which "opens" first on a fox, that is first to "own" the scent and gives tongue, then he shouts "'Ike to Rattler," or whatever the hound's name may be, and other hounds turn to the one who "owns" the fox. When the fox quits cover or "goes away," as it is called, the huntsman blows the "gone away," two short notes and long one, repeated several times, and as the pack tumbles out of covert he shouts "Forrad away, forrad away!" If one of the whips "views" a fox away from covert he "holloas"; a shrill, clear cry, which thrills you as nothing else will, when you come to know its import. For some extraordinary reason the whip thrusts his finger in his ear when he holloas, goodness knows why, but they all do it. Also do huntsmen very often when they "toite toite" hounds to them in covert. If a fox "breaks" but doubles back to covert the whipper-in sings out "Tally'o bike" (back) and cracks his whip. While all this is going on the field will be outside the covert all close together, a Master will marshal all horsemen where they are least likely to head a fox. Sometimes in drawing big coverts the field will follow up the centre "ride" if there is one. Do not detach

yourself from the remainder of the field and wander about or you may "head a fox," that is, turn him back into hounds, when he tries to "break," one of the greatest possible sins. When hounds find there will be a Niagara-like rush to the first gate or easy place in the first fence, therefore, unostentatiously nose your way up to this bolt-hole, or up to the front of the cavalcade in a "ride," because if you are not near the front the pack may be half a mile off before you have got through after waiting your turn. When hounds find, get a move on; I do not say gallop off in diametrically the opposite direction to that in which hounds have gone, but get clear of the crowd and you can look about you and decide what to do. There are many ways of seeing a run—riding on your own where hounds go, known as "taking your own line," following some trusted pilot who knows the country and will get along fairly well through gates and gaps or, worse still, attaching yourself to the road brigade, who trot along the roads and see what little they can from its rather unenviable security. Later we will touch on these various methods. Also on the sins of skirting and point riding in an attempt to anticipate the line likely to be taken by the fox, often resulting in heading him in the open, and spoiling the sport of everyone else.

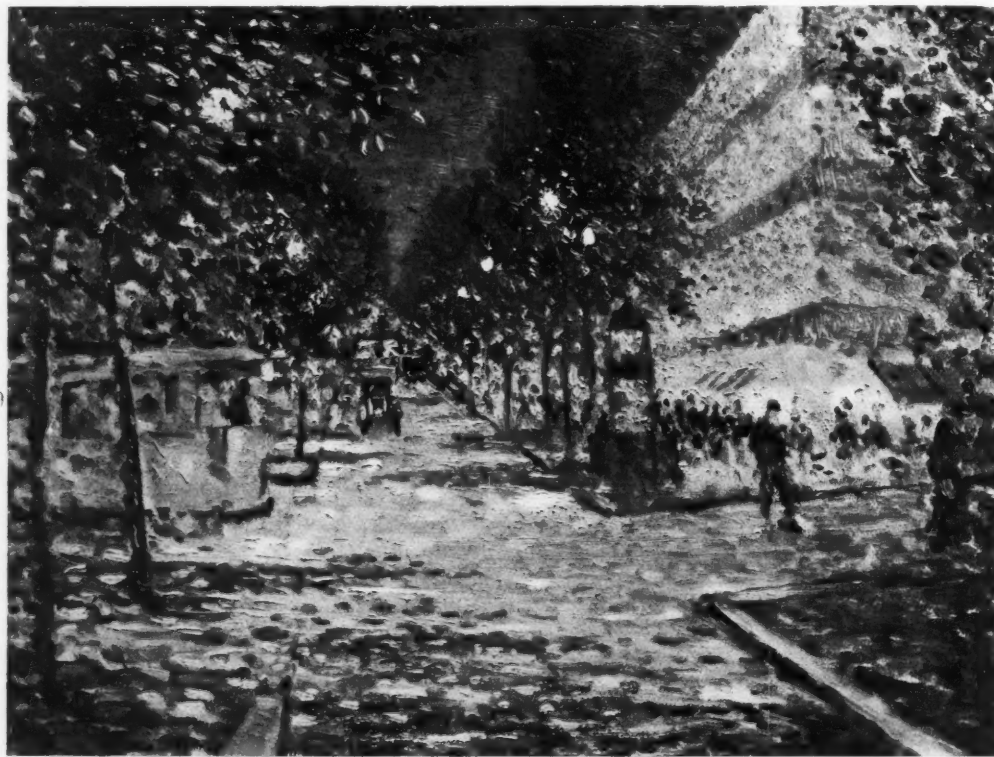
MR. NEVINSON'S NEW PICTURES

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON.

NEVER within my recollection has the Hogarth Room at the Leice ter Galleries contained a "one man show" so dazzling, so kaleidoscopic, as this of Mr. Nevinson's. His last set of pictures, hung there in war-time, had a sober, nay a sombre unity; they dealt with sad themes in a restrained and quiet manner that was deeply impressive. One carried away from his

orange and red-brick house-fronts of Bruges (31) glowing in the light of sunset; "Parisian Night" (11) radiant with garish splendour from the fierce white light at its core to the outer blue; a "Garden of Eden" (17) with "bloom profuse," indeed, but utterly un-Miltonic, un-Tennysonian, with its Eve tramping, unabashed, her uncomfortable way towards an uncouth Adam through a flaring, flowery jungle, wilder,

but no less gaudy than the scene in "Parsifal" with Klingsor's Castle and the flower-maidens. Near by, for contrast and rest to the eye, if not to the imagination, hang in lurid twilight the lascivious bowers of Hampstead Heath (12). Gardens in "Suburbia," "The Elder Tree" (3) and "When Father mows the Lawn" (7), sparkle with the harmless holiday daylight of a cheery impressionism. Renoir has found an apt disciple in the painter of the group of girls on Clapham Common (8), which with "Thames Regatta" (29) is among the most successful pictures in the room. Mr. Nevinson's earlier cubism, which, with all other "isms," he expressly and formally renounces in his preface, scarcely shows itself except in the picture with the

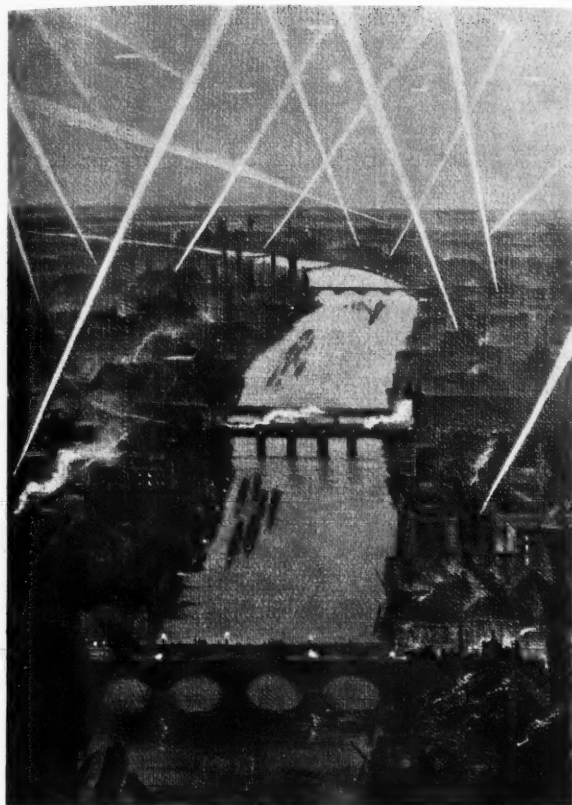


PARISIAN NIGHT.

exhibition mental pictures of mud and stricken trees, wrecked barbed wire and shell holes gleaming under rainy skies; agonised faces of the wounded; stern, set faces of fighters in a mighty contest still undecided; engines of war and ships and aeroplanes; the sky as seen from above the clouds, and the sky as seen from city streets cleft by those radiant beams of searchlights which added a new and memorable beauty to the night.

Now the room is filled with a medley of gay and none too harmonious colour, a riot of yellow, blue and green;

enigmatic title "American Patriotism" (1), of which the whole design is definitely built up on geometrical lines, subdued a little and softened by dark shadows *à la* Daubigny. Yet another French influence, modified again by waning cubism, is to be discerned in the two decorative panels, "Bacchus" (5) and "Pan" (6), with their ovals in blue-green monochrome framed in lilac, inspired by Fragonard, with just a hint of Conder, and a distortion of joints and limbs which belongs to the generation that has grown up since Conder's death. At the distance where this distortion



AMONG THE LONDON SEARCHLIGHTS, 1918.

ceases to be obtrusive these panels, especially "Pan," become rather beautiful things.

A novel feature in Mr. Nevinson's work this time is his use of pastel, which furnishes him again with utterly different and striking colour effects in "An inexperienced Witch" (42) and "The Roof Garden" (43), an extremely brilliant and harmonious pattern of lilac and purple and pink, while in the "Witch" subject blue is the most conspicuous colour. Both these subjects have been reproduced in black and white, as a lithograph and a mezzotint respectively, and several other new prints, including the clever, decorative wood-cut of "Broadway Girls" (37) and the big, impressive lithograph "The Workers" (50) offer an opportunity for restful contemplation if the eye is too much dazzled by the painted glories of Paradise, the Café Royal, or the boulevard. The most beautiful of the prints exhibited is the mezzotint "Limehouse," which is not quite so new.

Among the pictures, however, are several quiet and lovely pieces of colour more subdued which I have not yet mentioned. "A Canadian Dawn" (2), "The Sandy Path" (14) and "Rottingdean" (28) are among the best. "Among the London Searchlights, 1918" (26) is a belated example of the quieter kind of Nevinsonian war picture, and as lovely in colour as the Canadian landscape. Colour is certainly not the strong point of the two New York subjects (22, 23). "Looking Down into Wall Street" reminds me of biscuits and

jam. None of these new pictures have attained the inner harmony, the accomplishment in one particular style, displayed in the early work, "Issy les Moulineaux" (16). It is a "French" picture by an English artist, but it is obviously the result of real enthusiasm for the style in which it is painted, and is a fine example of the school to which the painter at the time belonged, not a mere clever display in the manner of Renoir or Monet, assumed to-day and cast off to-morrow, like many of the later works. "The world is so full of a number of things," as Stevenson has it, and Mr. Nevinson is evidently going to paint a good many of them before he has done. Whether he will settle down to a style of his own it is still too early to say; he has not found it yet.

A DORSET DOWN IN AUTUMN

A thin blue mist,
Wi' zunsheen kiss'd,
Be clingèn to the downs;

Bibbern Brook,
In mossy nook,

Be zingèn drough the downs.
The bleatèn sheep a-nibblèn by,
The yappèn dog, a rook's hoarse cry,

Zet startled echoes suddenly

A-ringèn drough the downs:

Drough vat downs,
Drough rollèn downs,

Drough dreamy downs o' Dorset.

As dāylight feades,
In leafy gleādes,
Beside the dreamy downs;

Ablaze is zeen,

The splendor-sheen,

In chines by Dorset downs.

Vlamèn red an' shimmerèn goold,

Russet brown an' yellow boold,

Vor zummer's green be growèn old

In gleādes beside the downs:

The bleāk downs,

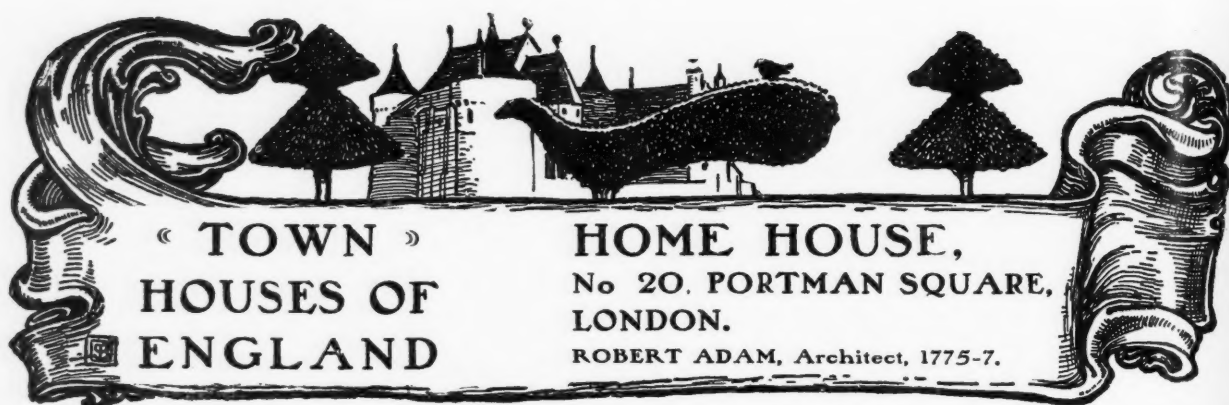
The rollèn downs,

The windzwept downs o' Dorset.

LAWRENCE W. FAUCETT



ISSY LES MOULINEAUX.



HOME HOUSE is not only a very highly finished example of Robert Adam's mastery of domestic architecture, but has preserved a completeness which is remarkable after the lapse of almost a century and a half. The Countess of Home, for whom Adam executed this elaborated work, was the widow of James Lawes, and the daughter and heiress of William Gibbons of Vere in the Island of Jamaica. Mrs. Lawes had married on December 25th, 1742, William, eighth Earl of Home, who died at Gibraltar on April 28th, 1761. The *Scol's Magazine* for April 28th, 1761, notes his death, "At

Gibraltar, William Home, Earl of Home, Colonel 25th Foot, Lieutenant-General, Governor of Gibraltar, Lord Lieutenant of the shire of Berwick, and one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland." The Homes were an old Berwickshire family, going back to 1200. The peerage began in Scotland with Baron Home in 1473.

Alexander Home, the sixth Lord and first Earl, came to England with James I. A Roman Catholic, he was sent as Ambassador to France in 1602 created Earl Home in 1605, and died in London in 1619. A great sportsman, he was congenial to King James. He married the daughter of Lord Dudley, but his son, the second Earl, had no issue, and the line went back. His successor, the third Earl, was with Montrose in the Civil War. Alexander, the seventh Earl, who succeeded his father in 1706, was imprisoned at Edinburgh in 1715 on suspicion of being a Jacobite. William, the eighth Earl, succeeded in 1720, and held a commission in the Army in 1735, being a captain in the Footguards in 1743. He was at Prestonpans in the 1745 rising, where he vainly endeavoured to rally the dragoons. Taking command of the Glasgow regiment of 600 men, he joined the Royal Army at Stirling on December 12th, 1745. After Culloden he obtained further promotions in the Army, ending with his appointment as Governor of Gibraltar in April, 1757. He was chosen as a representative peer of Scotland in 1741, 1747 and 1754.

Mrs. Lawes, whom he married, is described as "of Albemarle Street." From 1774-77, however, she was at No. 43, on the south side of Portman Square, but in 1778 paid rates on the new house, No. 20, based on a rental of £600 a year. As Dowager Countess of Home she died at Portman Square on January 15th, 1784.

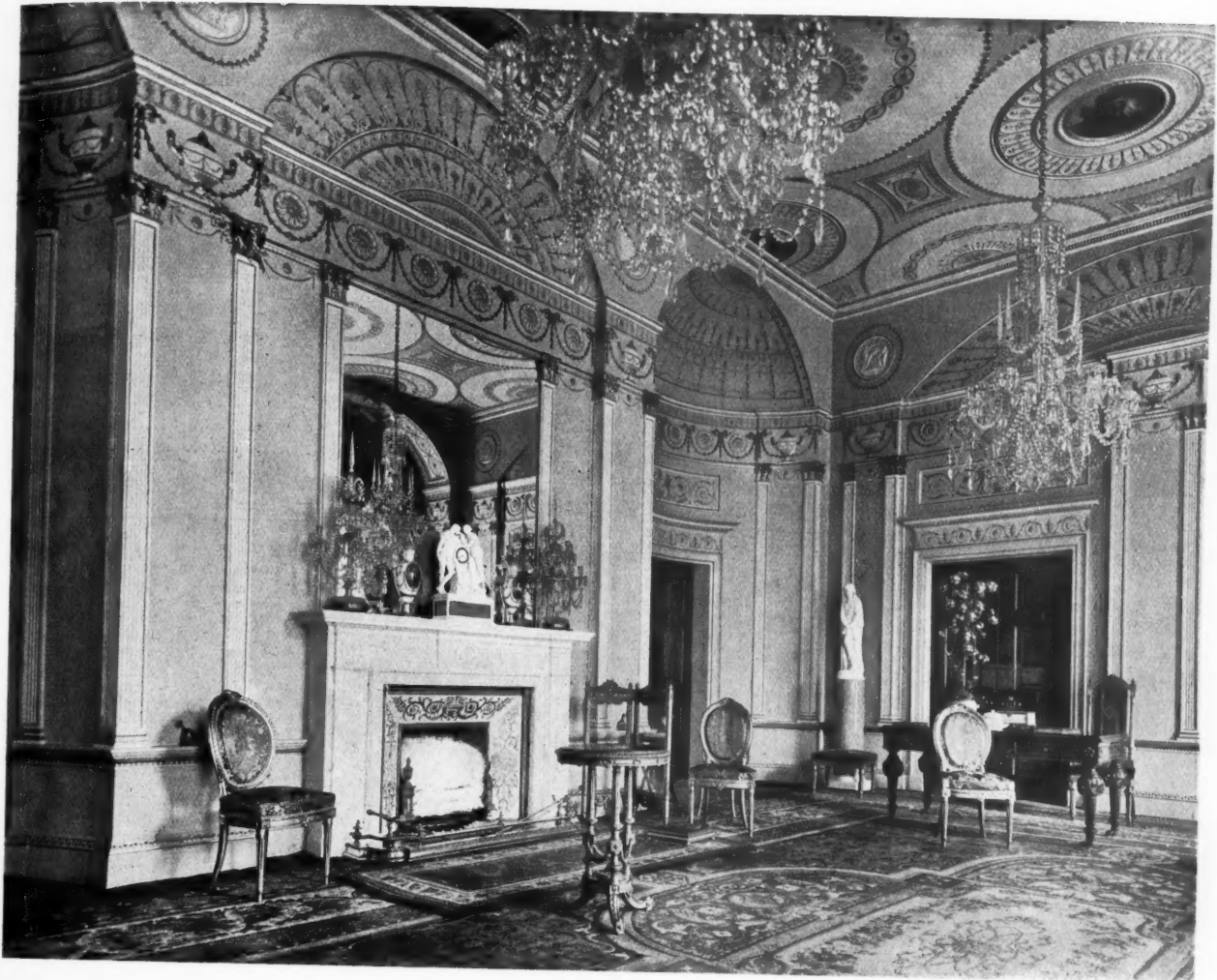
As there were no children, the brother of Earl Home, a clergyman of the Church of England, succeeded as ninth Earl Home. He was three times married, and on his death in October, 1786, Alexander, son of the third marriage, born 1760, succeeded as tenth Earl. In 1814 he took the name of Ramsey in addition to that of Home. He married a daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch. His son, the eleventh Earl, was Foreign



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HOME HOUSE : THE FACADE.

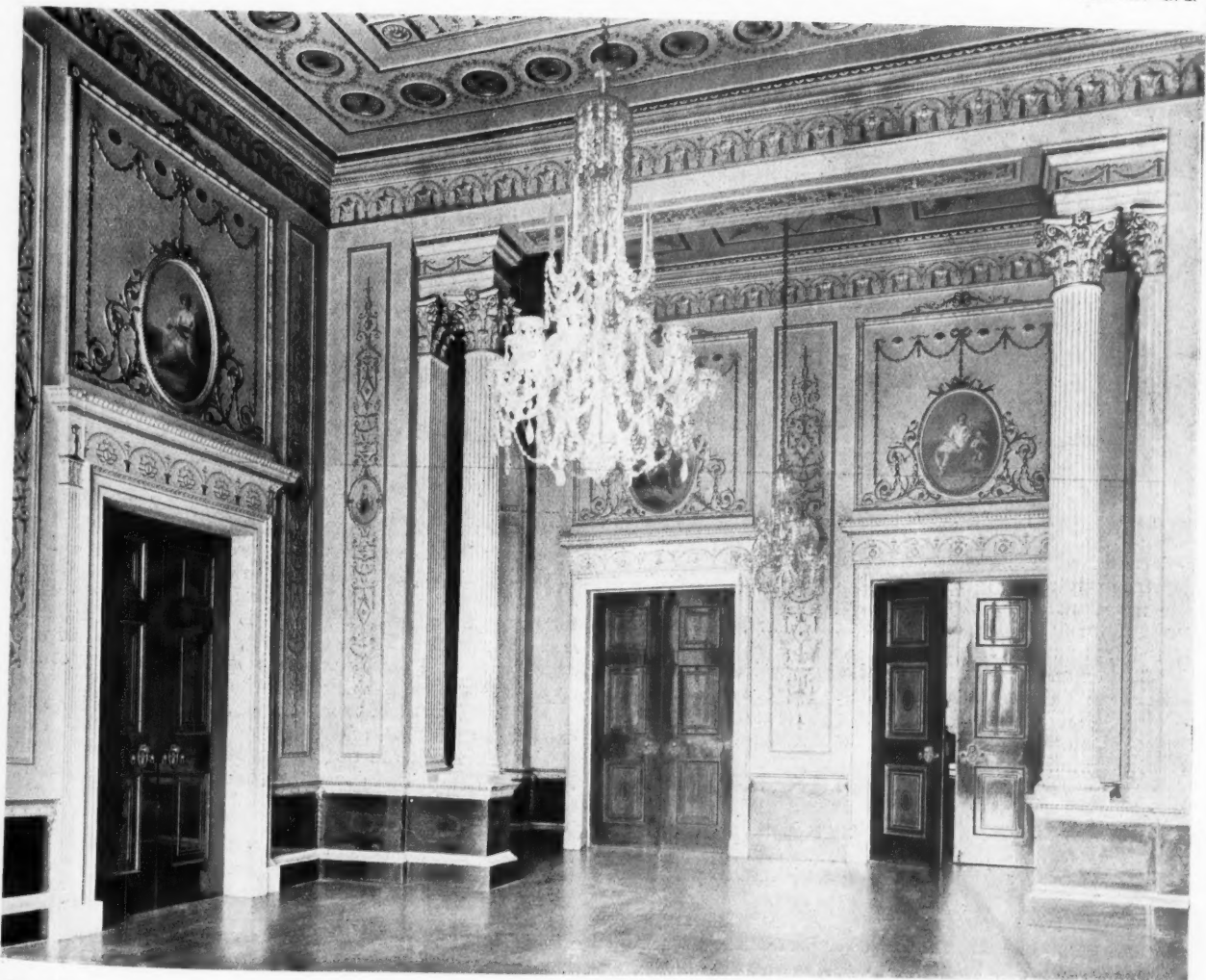
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ONE END OF THE BALL-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Secretary 1828-30, and was given an English peerage in 1873 as Baron Douglas of Douglas in Lanarkshire. "The Journal and Correspondence of William, Lord Auckland," mentions Home House, noting that "Mons de la Luzerne goes into the house, which Lady Home built in Portman Square, in a day or two." Home House is exceptional as possessing a frontage of 65ft., a scale which obviously places it in a class apart. It must be grouped with the sketch plans by Adam for houses of 80ft. and 100ft. frontage, and with the proposed plan of a house for Lord Holland on the site afterwards occupied by Melbourne House in Piccadilly.

The detail drawings, which exist, show that Robert Adam devoted immense care and study to the decorative treatment of Home House, which, despite the malicious comment of Walpole, well sustains a comparison with the very much larger work then building for Mrs. Montagu across the way (the present Portman House) under the direction of James Stuart.

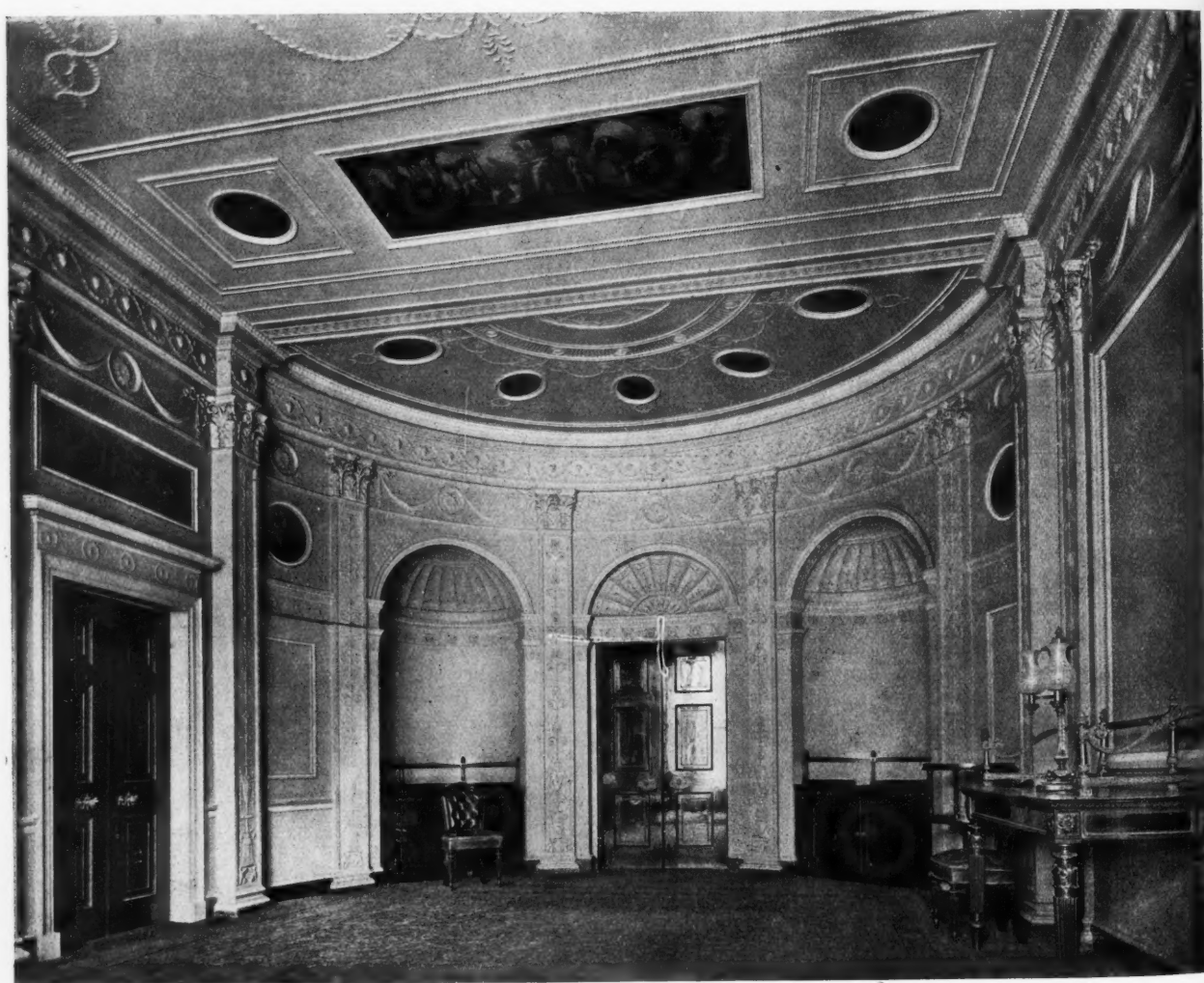
The most noteworthy feature of Home House was the music-room on the first floor, which was lavishly decorated

As was usual in houses of the period, the stables were at the rear of the site, and form the back enclosure of the garden.

Entering the house by a spacious and interesting entrance hall, we come at once into the grand circular staircase, which is a unique Adam design.

The original detail drawings for this staircase are fully worked out, even including colour sketches for the landscape pictures in the wall panels. The only material change in the structure that has taken place is that the aperture in the dome has been enlarged, so that the crowded effect of the top circle of medallions to be noted in the illustration is not due to Adam. In the original design, moreover, the large arched opening to the inner vestibule has a screen of two columns and an entablature, over which is shown a characteristic lamp of Adam design.

The illumination of the house at night was evidently specially taken into account; the detail elevations of the music-room, for instance, show candelabra as an integral part of the coupled pilaster treatment, which is a characteristic of the design of the room.



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and contained a fine organ. The importance given to this apartment recalls something of that enthusiasm for music and musicians which is pictured in the animated pages of Doctor Burney and his clever daughter Fanny, the authoress of the famous "Evelina."

The external appearance of the house gives little or no indication of the treasure within. A simple study in stock brickwork, it is decorated with a few paterae and distinguished by a characteristic porch and fine metal railings. The façade remains as built, except for an unfortunate balcony and a heavy top storey, both of which have been added at a later period.

The invisible back elevation towards the garden is an interesting composition of vertically coupled Venetian windows, united below by a fine semicircular portico of graceful Ionic columns.

Except for an encroachment, which forms an inner porch to the ante-room, all this lower part of the back front remains in its original state.

Several Adam houses have preserved portions of their original lighting and heating arrangements, as I have been able to show. For the outer hall a special stove was designed to occupy the existing apse. It is shown as a tall panelled and decorated obelisk of cast iron, in the pedestal of which appears an oval opening for the grate flanked by consoles applied to the canted angles of the die.

The staircase and entrance hall at some period have been extensively marbled, and with age this has acquired a tone and polish which are not displeasing; it is possible that it is in part the original decoration, because the four columns in the front parlour are shown to be treated as porphyry. The Soane Museum hall and staircase (1812) were painted as porphyry and giallo antico, and Sir John's earlier house (1802) at Ealing had a room with a marbled treatment.

From the inner vestibule the front parlour is reached, a room remarkable for the four angle columns. In Adam's design these are placed further out into the room, each having pilasters matching the columns on two faces. The

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DETAIL OF LIBRARY CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fine oval ceiling design is somewhat like that at Weald Hall. The colouring there also was in shades of blue. A red, granite-like colour is shown on the shafts of the columns, no doubt intended to be porphyry as just mentioned. The wall panels are proposed to be filled with stucco arabesques, the whole of the interior being designed as a completely decorated scheme. The existing mantelpiece and overmantel accord with Adam's designs.

Immediately behind is a fine room, the back parlour, which has an order of panelled and decorated pilasters almost Early Renaissance in point of style. The carefully detailed designs for this room are dated May 13th, 1775, and the work as existing closely corresponds.

Hanging lamps were to occupy the end niches, and four candelabra brackets are shown in the long narrow panels on the side walls. The colour treatment was in shades of yellow, strengthened in parts to a golden hue that is almost brown. Landscape subjects are shown occupying the large wall panels.

Beyond a small ante-room is the library, which was evidently a personal and particular apartment. The simple and effective treatment worked out by Robert Adam would appear to have been exactly carried out with only a few later modifications. In his drawing he shows geographical globes on circular pedestals in the niches, while the decoration of the mantelpiece is also scientific in subject. The original colouring given is in shades of green.

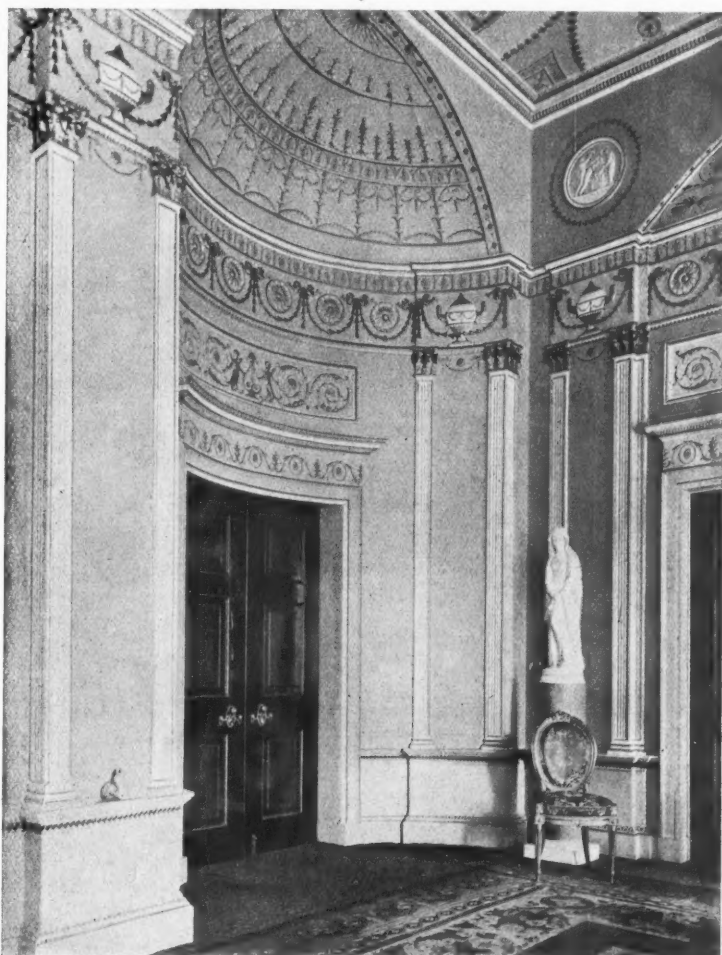
Ascending the fine staircase, which, as is usual with Adam, stops at the first floor, we enter an ante-room distinguished by a delicate and ingenious ceiling design.

The music-room, which occupies the remainder of the front, is a fine example of Robert Adam's work at this middle point of his career. It may border on the over-refined, but it is amazing in the complexity of its detail, which, however, is always conducted with a rare skill that obviates any sense of confusion and lack of harmony. Elaborate as the interior now is, the original drawings show that some elimination has taken place. The apsidal niches on the window side have unfortunately been cut away, doubtless in order to obtain more elbow room and an increased width in the room.

It also appears from Adam's designs that the unique wall treatment of pilasters in wide couples was closely related to the original scheme of candelabra by which the room was illuminated. The pilasters had pedestals of their own above the present chair rail and the intervals between

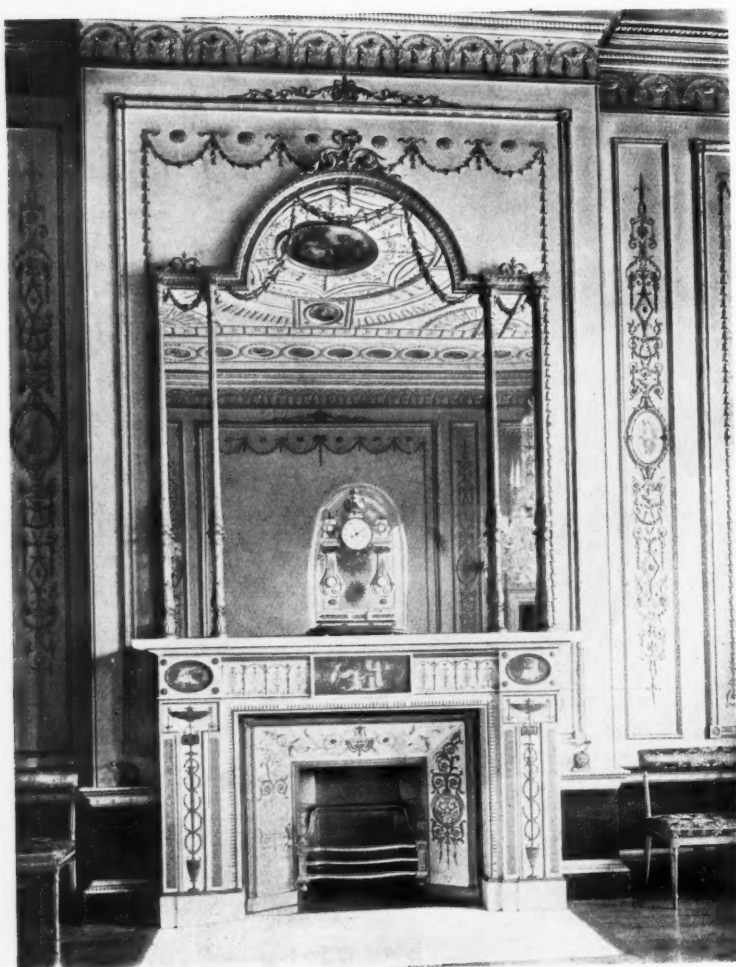
them were filled in with mirrors commencing above these candle brackets. The pilasters were also cross-connected by swags and pateræ at intervals. Evidently there has been a simplification of the original treatment which, before the days when mirrors had become vulgarised, was doubtless in Adam's hands remarkable and effective. This room may be regarded as an attempt to refine upon the interiors designed for Lord Derby in the house formerly in Grosvenor Square.

Behind the music room is the second drawing-room, now used as a ball-room. Preceded by an alcove or open vestibule



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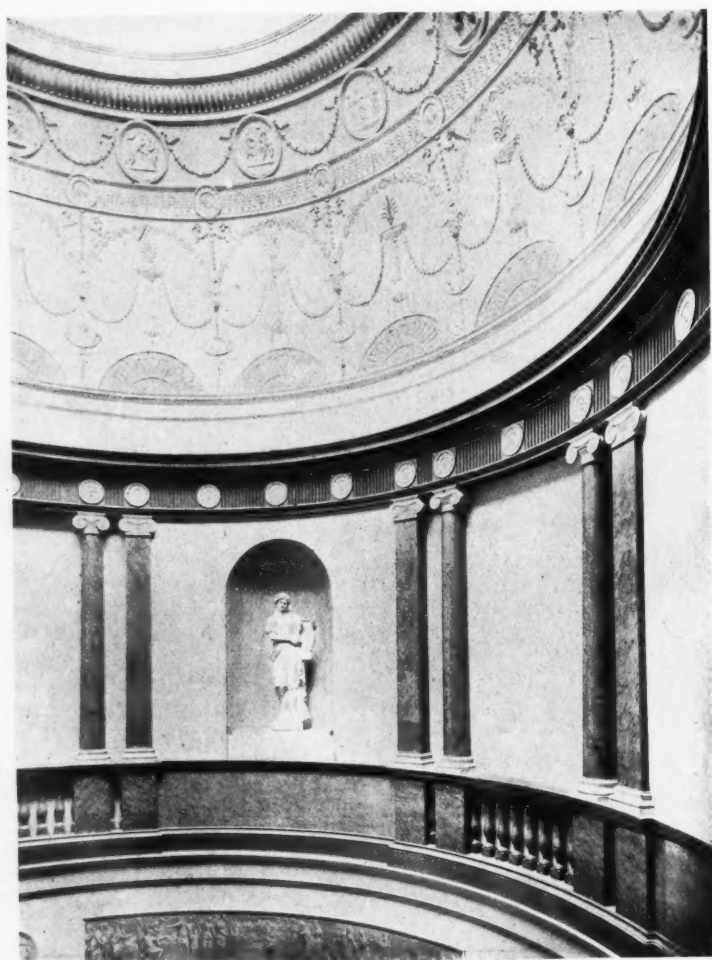
ALCOVE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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BALL-ROOM CHIMNEY-PIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

UPPER PART OF STAIRCASE WELL.

"C.L."

with columns and niche, it is a remarkable apartment. The marvellously intricate ceiling and richly ornamented mantelpiece demand particular attention. Unfortunately, the original mirror which Adam shows is lacking. No doubt, the entire house with its furniture, hangings and every description of fitting was originally complete, and as a whole it must have presented a singular harmony of artistic design. The large Venetian windows employed by Adam at the back make the lighting of this ball-room quite adequate, though this might not seem to be possible in a room of this depth. The paintings have been restored at some time, more particularly over the doors, and the ceiling has not retained the full harmony of Adam's highly wrought design. A tiny circular ante-room leads into "the Countess of Home's Etruscan Room." This was a further essay in the style perhaps first employed at Osterley Park. There is a doubt whether this was a reception or a bed room, as there is one drawing in which a bed with a canopy of draperies is shown designed in harmony with Adam's Etruscan style. In another instance, however, this same apartment is described as the third drawing-room. There is nothing Etruscan about the room now except the fine inlaid marble mantel, which still retains the shades of red, brown and black employed in the original scheme. The segment heads of the apses remain decorated with stucco work, but the walls have been papered. A feature of the original treatment was a deep band of painted decoration above the usual chair rail. This work is all dated January, February and March, 1775.

Evidently the house was still completing in October, 1777, when the mirror designs were being made. They were very elaborate and graceful, and it would be interesting to know their fate. Besides the usual Adam curtain boxes there is a special design, made in May, 1777, for a frame and hangings to surmount a picture of the Duke of Cumberland. Lion and unicorn with the Royal Arms, shields, spears and armour are all combined to make a gorgeous framework of gold. This display of loyalty must have been quite a feature of the house.

It is remarkable that the present balustrading of the staircase, elaborate as it is, is only a substitute for a design employing female terms, candelabra and wreathed swags.

There is a carpet design for the back parlour dated 1776, coloured in shades of reddish brown.

Portman Square itself was building on the east, west and south sides from 1769, when the Earl of Barrymore appears in the rate books as responsible for the centre house on the east. There are some designs for ceilings for this nobleman in the Soane Collection of Adam Drawings. It is also curious that three of Adam's clients, Wm. Locke, Lord Scarsdale (1771-73), and the Countess of Home, were, at that early date, occupying adjacent houses on the south side. Adam had also made some elaborate ceiling designs for the "Earl of Kerry in Portman Square," but it does not appear from the rate books that the Earl ever occupied a house in the Square. He may have thought of doing so, or possibly the title on the drawing may be a mistake for the proposed house in Portland Place, 1773, already described.

The laying out of the Square appears to have been effected chiefly, if not wholly, by a builder, Abraham Adams ("Porto Bello Lane on the site of P.B. farm was the property of A. A. builder, at the time that P.B. was captured."—"Hist. and Antiq. of Kensington," T. Faulkner, 1820), and it is possible that he might have obtained a design from the Adams, the architects, but seeing that the Brethren were at the time very fully occupied with the Adelphi, it is not very likely that they were concerned in the original building of Portman Square at

this earlier period. The north side of the Square long remained vacant, but I have discovered that James Wyatt in 1773 became responsible for six plots, numbers 8 to 13, which were subsequently reduced to five houses as built; thus Wyatt's share was half the northern side of the Square, excluding the centre house, and it is possible that the latter and the remaining half of that side were in the hands of the Brothers Adam.

Wyatt had three houses, Nos. 11, 12 and 13, covered in 1777, while No. 14 was vacant in 1780, and No. 15 was still on his hands as vacant land in 1782. This illustrates the slow development of the Square, which was thus only completed in 1784.

In fact, in 1782, no doubt owing to the political crisis, there seems to have been a great slump in the Square, and many houses were vacated. Although the centre house on the north side (No. 16) now has a Greek Revival stone façade, it would appear from a print of 1796 to have been, as originally built, more in harmony with the adjacent Adam-like Nos. 17, 18 and 19.

As usual, the Wyatt houses have been ascribed to Adam, particularly the north-east corner one built for Lord Irwin, which has indeed a very Adam-like porch. The Hon. Charles Greville was at No. 12 in 1778, Henry Willoughby at No. 13 and Colonel Francis Minshull at No. 14 in 1781. The north-west corner house on this side, built, I think, by Adam, was occupied by Wm. Locke in 1778. He had been on the south side of the Square from 1769 to 1777, and certainly obtained some ceiling and mantelpiece designs from Adam at both the earlier and the later date.

These northern houses are larger and more important architecturally than the remainder of the square, which is of comparatively simple brick architecture, where it has remained unaltered. A good many porches have, however, been subsequently added to the houses as well as upper stories, no doubt owing to the small number of bedrooms provided by the original scheme.

Portman Square has maintained its character in a way which is remarkable when the fluctuations to which such residential centres in London are subject is



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STAIRCASE: FIRST FLOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

considered. Of the three Squares, St. James's, Grosvenor and Portman, the last named is not perhaps the least in distinction.
ARTHUR T. BOLTON.



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THE GARDEN PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A WAR RETROSPECT AND REMINISCENCES

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

Illustrated from Sketches by Captain R. Sharpley, Coldstream Guards.

This Article and the Sketches illustrating show what those who are hastening to visit the battlefields may hope to find.

IT is difficult to say what, in years to come, will be the impression which the war will leave in the minds of those who went through it. It has been a war without a Waterloo, and the prolonged conflict has not been polarised in a great battle, a final overthrow of the enemy on one field. The incidents of Ypres, Neuve-Chapelle, Loos, the Somme, were only incidents, though bloody and terrible and heroic in their time and place. The war had two sides: one which was a nightmare, the other which was somewhat in the nature of a pleasant holiday. It is quite possible that the characteristic aspect, the nightmare aspect of it may be forgotten by many, and the picturesque impression remain. Youth forgets. The "undying sights" blur in the memory; the fields strewn with the dead, the writhing of friend and foe in death-agony, the unforgettable look of the skull, are conventionalised in the brain and lose their painfulness.

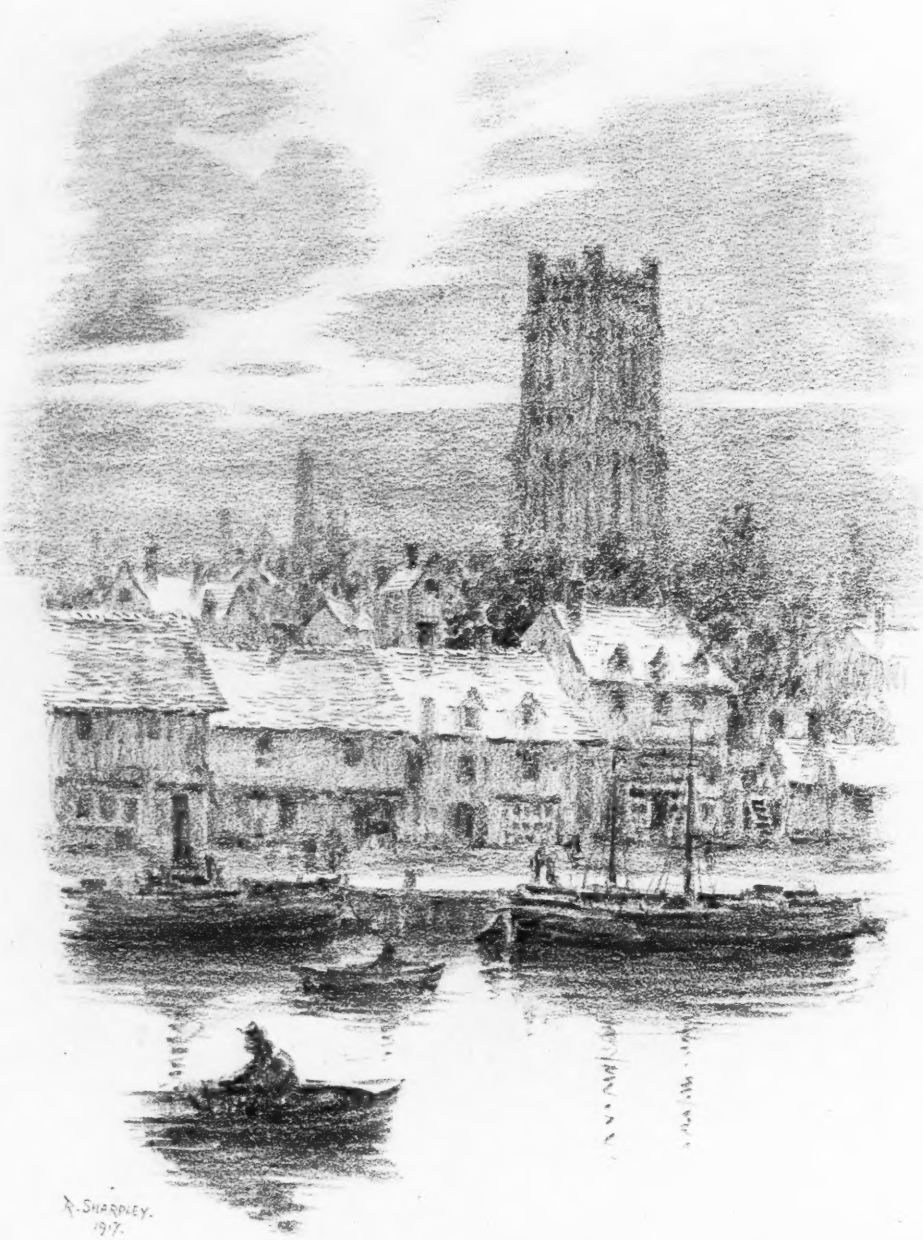
It is the same with inanimate Nature. Go to the battlefields and the stricken villages of France now, and already you will find they have changed. They are not as they were "the morning after," when the dead lay tumbled in the ruins and dud shells strewn the streets. There is no odour of gas. The grass and the wild flowers grow where British blood soaked the plains; the peasants are filling up the trenches and pulling away the barbed wire, and birds have been building in the derelict ruins of limbers and waggons. And by the time tourists are permitted to "the zone of the armies," all will be smoothed over till there will be nothing to hurt and no one will lose his appetite for dinner through what he sees.

Green earth forgets
The new-born generations
mask their grief.

On the other hand, some great artist may

arise who will make the scenes of the war stand out even more sharply and terribly than they did in men's minds in that fatal period of our time, 1914-1918. It will be fitting that the children of a coming age should realise just what the war was and not nurse too romantic fancies concerning it.

For this generation, however, in which every mind is itself a battlefield, there will be probably a natural reaction toward forgetfulness. The man who ten years hence sits in the tavern horrifying his listeners with tales of the war will be he who made his pile in the munition works. The



ST. OMER.—A quaint old town between Calais and Ypres. General Headquarters was situated here during the early period of the war until the British line was extended southwards.

others, when they look back, will think oftener of the more pleasant side of the fighting, the many humorous occasions, the pleasant choruses, the marches, the rest-billets, the time spent on special courses far back in verdant, unspoiled country, visits to Paris and sea-side resorts, scenes of peasant life in Artois and Picardy.

The Guards were often reproached with having an easier time than other regiments and being kept less in the line. This, however, was a fallacy and belonged to the same category as the common belief that "Guards get double rations," and that where the Guards have been there is never any food to be found.

"What — y're lookin' for kike?" says one soldier to another. "The Gahds a' bin 'ere. Kike? They've scoffed the bloomin' village."

The proper answer would be that Guards were treated much in the same way as other units and that if there were a difference it lay in extra fighting in time of stress and extra training in time of rest. For the hardest part of the soldier's training was often done in the weeks he was out and in the days just before a great attack.

Captain Sharpley, to whom we are indebted for an album of very fine sketches done in almost every habitat of the Guards, belonged to the Fourth Coldstream and came out to France when the Guards Division was formed in 1915. His battalion was one of the new ones which the war brought forth. It was born of the same stock as the rest of the Coldstream, recruited mostly, though by no means exclusively, from the North. With the Fourth Grenadiers, the First Welsh, and the Second Irish, all new battalions, it assembled in or about August, 1915, at Wizernes, in the neighbourhood of St. Omer, and the old Guards battalions joined them and the Guards Division was formed. The function of Wizernes was in a way the eve of the battle of Loos. All the untired battalions searched their hearts, and the new men wondered what it would be like to "charge with the Guards." For how many the march to Loos and the splendid debouch of the division upon it will 70 must remain the clearest impression of that time! Or do they remember the wet billets and discomfort of the night before, the cheery voices and music of the men in the out-houses and ruins, the boastings of the old soldiers, the eternal voice of the banjo—

In the evening in the camp before the fight,

When it's time to make your will and say your prayer,

You can hear my strumty-tumty over night,

Explaining ten to one was always far—

the scribbled letter for home which might have been a last



CASABLANCA FARM.—The Ypres salient contained many picturesque old farmhouses. The subject of this sketch lay behind Boesinghe, on the line dividing the British and French territories.



RANSART.—During the summer of 1918, while preparations were being made for the last great battle of the war, in the grounds of the ruined Château at Ransart nature ran riot and clothed the white, broken stones with flowers.

letter, and the entry in the diary which might have stopped short abruptly as a life stopped short on the morrow.

With officer it must have been very much the same as with private soldier, only the former had a more subdued expression. But, oh! the sweet poignancy of the thought of some soldier who keeps whistling or crooning to himself that evergreen song of battle—

And you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain!

Such another eve of battle as that of Loos was the eve of the entry into the conflict of the Somme. It was preceded also by a wonderful march. For the division had been all the year in the Ypres salient and came South to the music of drums and fifes and pipers, all together, all happy, all thoughtful. It arrived at the most dreadful place in the world at the time, the scene of a desolation that will soon be unimaginable. The division camped amid the dead. One young officer, Mr. F. of the Scots Guards (afterwards Captain F.—he died at St. Hilaire), did, as his first night's duty, superintend the burying of several hundred dead. In those moments quickly flying the living were indeed blended with the dead. But the night before the first fight on the Somme is recorded as one of extraordinary merriment. A curious recklessness seemed to possess everyone, a recklessness of song and speech and joyousness. So men banished care. For they knew in their hearts many must die ere the morrow's sun had set, but they collectively had the sense to drown all in happiness. Curious, is it not? For we were taught in our history books and the legends and stories of children's books, that in all battles one side was praying on the eve of battle, while the other was drinking and roystering. Those who prayed and were quiet won.

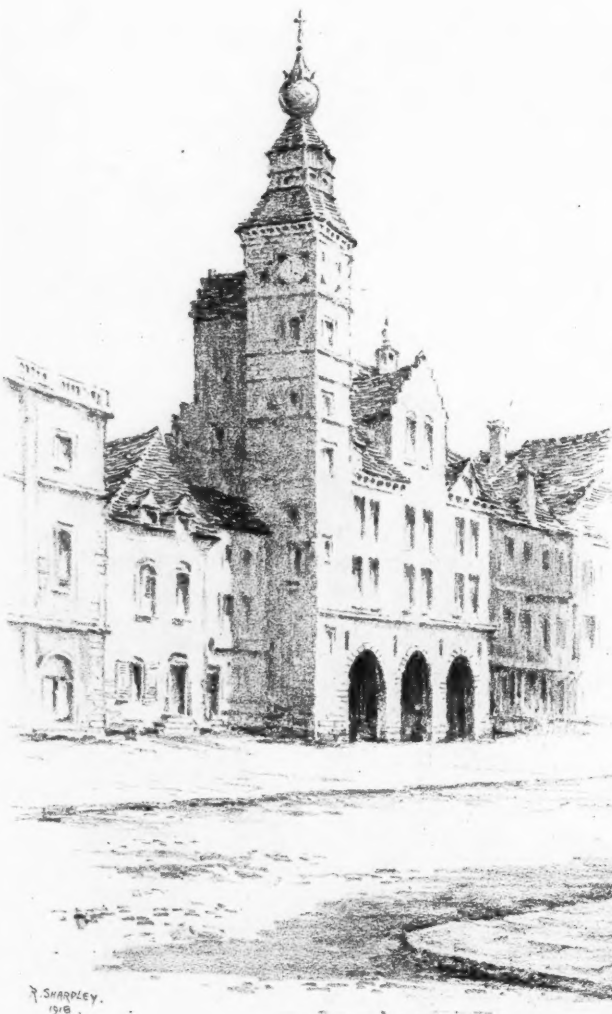
In this war, even if our soldiers sang hymns, they were parodies. The German soldiers are said to have sung plenty of hymns in the battle line with real piety. It was an opposition of British innocent gaiety and German troubled minds. There was always a splendid *morale* in the hearts of the British soldiers. There was an optimism which was like an *idée fixe*. But a strange pessimism seemed to prevail among the German men in their proudest moments. How often must it have been as on the eve of Bosworth Field, when happy angels hovered over the camp of Richmond, but ghosts and anxieties surged through the mind of Richard.

A custom developed in some Guards battalions of holding regimental dinners on the eve of action. All the officers sat down together to dine. There was a *tout ensemble* of the living, a sort of last considered moment when all were together and whole and alive, when none could say who would be missing, what space would be left empty on the morrow. I imagine not a few pilgrimages will be made to the places where those gatherings were held. They were not returned to when the war was on; the *milieu* of operations infallibly changed, the advance went on, one seldom went into action over the same ground twice. But the haunting thought of the lonely, the perhaps broken survivor who can return to some spot and say to himself, "Here we all broke bread together on the eve of the battle," will be something too deep for tears. I think, perhaps, such a man may find when he goes back that the France he knew has lost the substance of reality and that something which used to be there has vanished like Prospero's magic "into air, into thin air."

What a characteristic place was Ransart which Captain Sharpley figures in his drawings. It was in 1918 the background of Ayette, a



HEILLY.—A village on the River Ancre between Albert and Corbie. Many units rested here while marching to take their part in the battle of the Somme.



BINCHE.—A small town near Mons, occupied on the march to Germany after the Armistice. The inhabitants showed great interest in a British battalion—the first to enter the town for a century.

stricken village in the midst of a war-created moorland dotted with batteries. Long and filthy gullies cut in the clay accommodated the men of the reserve lines. Along the upper bank of a rather fine road approaching the village the howitzers were ensconced in their camouflage nests and belched forth regularly clouds of yellow cordite smoke which you saw as it were in warning of the crashes of the explosions.

On the other side of the village in holes in the side of the Blairville Road was the headquarters of the First Brigade, where brilliant and heroic General de Crépigny and his staff abode until the grand advance of August, 1918. In the initial onslaught upon the retreating enemy, when the Third Brigade was held up by the machine gunners of "Banks Reserve," it was the First Brigade which went on and finished the task (though at what cost!), while the Third returned to rest to the lines of Ransart.

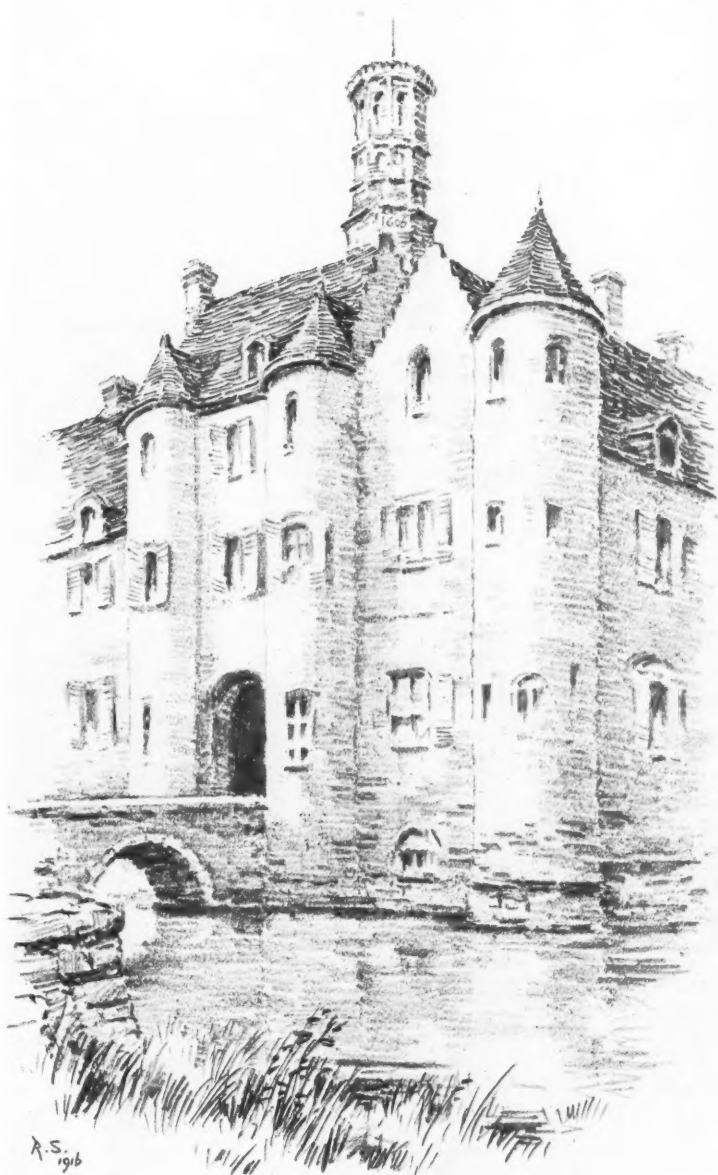
In most of the 1918 fighting the Guards went in "by brigades," and not on a "divisional front"—the first objectives would be won by one brigade, and then at a given zero hour another brigade would pass through the first brigade's lines and go on to take the second set of objectives. In turn a third brigade would pass through the second and go on to take the final objectives of the division. If, however, there had been any hitch and any of the objectives remained untaken at the end, the brigade which went in first would go in again and try and consummate the whole affair. I think the division as a whole in that way never failed.

In the succession of conflicts which endured from August at Boyelles and St. Leger to November at Maubeuge, it was always fairly certain what the programme would be. There were no longer the isolated attacks such as characterised the earlier stages of the war, but a series of wave movements, battalion co-operating with battalion, brigade with brigade, division with division, army with army. The continuous voluntary retirement of the Germans made continuity of attack more possible. It became possible to foresee with more and more certainty the progress of our armies and to know where units were likely to be in action next. There are many of those "eves of battle." They became, perhaps, more ordinary. In one sense, however, they were new. There was a new hope creeping ever more insistently into men's minds, the hope of the *finale*. The grand retreat started it; the surrender of Bulgaria lit it up; the peace talk fed it; the growing indiscipline of the enemy assured it. At last, when the news of the Armistice came, it was dumfounding. It was expected as the thing prayed for is expected, but it was as unexpected as a miracle when a miracle is accomplished.

On November 11th the atmosphere of the Army changed. Once more there were preparations—but not preparations for suffering and death. The week in the area of Maubeuge was the eve of the march to the Rhine. It was a week of shining and polishing, of changing old clothes for new, of washing and khaki-ing equipment; a week of preparation to dazzle and impress the Germans! What a pleasant time, and how memorable! Captain Sharpley shows Binche, the Belgian town we entered on the second day of the march; Binche, where the town-band in top-hats and frock coats assembled to welcome us. Binche, where it was first understood by Guards battalions that the Armistice was an occasion for joy. It was at Binche that the dancing began which was repeated with such whole-hearted exuberance next day at Charleroi.



LE QUESNOY.—The Château in the heart of Picardy, many miles behind Amiens, afforded delightful quarters after the mud and desolation on the Somme.



ESQUELBECC.—A moated château with a drawbridge some miles north of Cassel. Here Divisional Headquarters rested between two periods in the Ypres salient.

THE TANK AND ITS HISTORY

A BOOK to be kept and studied at leisure is the very thorough and exhaustive history of *The Tank Corps* (COUNTRY LIFE Library), written by Major Clough Williams-Ellis, M.C., and A. Williams-Ellis, with an introduction by Major-General Hugh Elles, C.B., D.S.O. Military men of all nations are bound to read it because it deals with a weapon the beginning of which is to be sought in past history; and still this volume will probably take its place only as the first chapter in the modern development. The idea underlying the contrivance is as old as history. Its prime object is to save the lives of infantry, and that, of course, was as important in primitive savage warfare as it was in the Great War. There is mention of a Greek tower on wheels used in attacking fortified positions. The Roman "tortoise" was a formation which had the same object in view, although it was only a manipulation of ordinary armour. In an early siege of Berwick the enemy approached in a wooden "sow," so called because it was intended to open and let the men come out when close to the walls. Some wit of the time saw in this process a resemblance to the farrowing of a sow. In those days the projectile that had to be faced was the arrow. Nearly all the great battles fought by England in mediæval times owed their success to the skill and steadiness of the English bowmen. But the range and efficiency of destructive weapons have tended to increase enormously with the progress of civilisation. Germany was very nearly winning the war because of her advance beyond other nations in these respects. At the siege of Liège use was made of artillery so heavy as to startle Europe. It seemed then that no fort could possibly be rendered impregnable.

The Allies were not very prompt to realise the vast importance of this, and the late Lord Kitchener, whose fighting experiences had not been European, held for a long time to his belief in shrapnel. Long before the end the English artillery was as heavy as the German, but the advisers of the Kaiser did not place all their faith in big guns. They had supplied the armies with machine guns on a scale never before approached in warfare, and these machine guns played havoc with attacking forces in the early stages of the war. Our own Army came to be provided with them also, and then the deadlock occurred. The Germans dug trenches and we dug trenches, and the military brain wearied itself in trying to find a key that would unlock the situation. Probably it is true, as the authors say, that the Germans imagined they had made the discovery through the chemist when they began to deluge our armies with gas. But gas did not prove as efficient as was expected. Its employment depended on a factor so incalculable as the direction of the wind, which veered occasionally and blew the clouds back to their source of origin. Further, an effective defence was found in the gas mask. Besides, our own chemists were not incapable of preparing a gas as deadly, if not deadlier, than that of our foes. Thus the problem of ending trench warfare still awaited solution. It came, appropriately enough, from a mechanical nation like our own. The English soldier has never cared much for purely defensive fighting. He likes best to be up and at it, and that is when he is seen to most advantage.

Roughly, then, the tank has been not inaccurately described as a land-ship or a mobile fortification. Its primary object was to save the lives of those who, before its invention, had to go over the top and make their attack at the risk of being mowed down by the fire of rifles and machine guns. The tank was constructed for the purpose of dealing with trench warfare and shifting the Germans from their fortified positions. In time to come the account given by the authors of the early tanks will probably be read with great curiosity. At the end of the war the tank was still in an early stage of development. We may easily conceive it as bearing the same relation to the tank of the future as the culverins, sakers, minions and other cannon bear to the dreadful cannon of to-day. But rudimentary as was the early knowledge of gunpowder, it very quickly produced revolution in defensive tactics. Targe, shield and buckler were not sufficient protection from the blunderbuss. As the authors of this book say, it is the weapon that wins. They were great warriors whom Kitchener overthrew at Omdurman, but their courage did not protect them from rifle bullets. Napoleon was an infinitely greater general than Lord Raglan, yet his troops, armed as they were in 1815, could not have stood up against Minié rifles. Eleven years after Inkerman, Moltke would have beaten Raglan hollow, not because he was a greater general, but because his men were armed with the needle gun. Had Napoleon at Waterloo possessed a company of Vickers machine guns

he would have beaten Wellington, Blücher and Schwartzberg combined. Providence is said to be on the side of the larger battalions. It would be more proper to say on the side of the better weapon. Ludendorff at first affected a contempt of the tank, but there is plenty of documentary evidence to show that he changed his tune before the war ended. M. Loucheur, the French Minister of Munitions, said in January 1919: "There are two kinds of infantry: men who have gone into action with Tanks, and men who have not; and the former never want to go into action without Tanks again." The first difficulty was not only with the mechanics of the tank, but with the men who fought it. There was no opportunity of giving them practical training. They had to guess what was going to occur when they went into action, and, further, a great number of the first crews had never seen any fighting at all. One can more easily imagine than describe the feelings of these men, packed tightly in a very confined space, in a machine that jolted along in a most discomposing manner through country thick with the smoke of bursting shells. They had no very clear idea where they were going, mainly because the aeroplane maps were, as far as they were concerned, unreadable. How valiantly they acquitted themselves we all know, as we know also the fear and consternation they produced in the enemy ranks. The secret of the tank's construction had been extraordinarily well kept, as anyone may gather from recent proceedings in the Prize Court, where there were a vast number of claimants to the credit of having invented it. Indeed, it is now on record that in 1912 an Australian brought out a tank as good as any ultimately produced, which the War Office, with its customary obtuseness, rejected. In 1915 Colonel Swinton wrote a letter in which he gave a minute forecast of what the tanks could do, but the idea seems to have come simultaneously to a very considerable number of men. It was in the air. The adoption of the tank was carried practically in the teeth of officialdom by a group of men free from red tape trammels. As to the future, the following passage will be read with interest: "If we like to carry on, we have such a start, both in design and manufacturing experience, that we could easily make it impossible for any other nation to draw abreast of us during the period after which we are assuming the 'Tank Age' in military evolution may conceivably be over."

It is, of course, impossible to be too discreet as to the new machines which have already been made and tested, or as to the new projects which exist.

Perhaps the position can be best indicated by saying that progress has been so rapid of late that those who know would probably be delighted to sell any number of Mark V tanks to a prospective enemy.

It would be unfortunate if the Army did not carry on with the tank. No human being at the present moment who takes a survey of what is happening in the world will believe that another great war is impossible. On the contrary, it is very likely to occur again in the lifetime of those who are not more than middle-aged. The country has had a lesson on the need of being prepared, and we are sure that anyone who reads this admirable handbook on the tank with a candid mind will recognise that it is the safest and wisest policy to be fully prepared for anything that may happen.

"THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DONE BETTER."

Memories, by Lord Fisher. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Fifty Years in the Royal Navy, by Sir Percy Scott. (John Murray.)

"THINGS might have been done better," might serve as a just and tempered description of all that is vital in the two books, *Memories*, by Lord Fisher (Hodder and Stoughton), and Sir Percy Scott's *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy* (John Murray). Read in combination they will suggest to the intelligent citizen that the Grand Fleet could pull us through the war was vindicated only by the help of luck. But, indeed, Lord Jellicoe had already made known many of its important defects, such as the want of proper searchlights and other adjuncts for night fighting, that forced him to break off the battle of Jutland. "It was known to me that either the searchlights or their control arrangement were at this time of the best type." (Jellicoe in "The Grand Fleet.") In the same battle he had only six of his ships fitted with Director firing. Scapa Flow in the winter of 1914 was a most unsafe harbourage for the Fleet. Sir Percy Scott tells us that on the occasion of his first visit, when he said "Good-night" to Lord Jellicoe, he added, "Shall we be here in the morning?" The Admiral's laconic reply was, "I wonder." German aeroplanes had been over and noted the weaknesses. Why they did not attack with submarines is a mystery. Few will dispute that the attempt to force the Dardanelles was the crowning error of the war. Seven great battleships of 12,000 tons up to 15,000 tons were sunk and the casualties numbered close on 200,000. Lord Fisher, who was on the War

Council, was the highest living authority on the feasibility of the enterprise. After recording the occasions when he had to make a serious study of the Dardanelles, viz., (1) his command of a battleship when Hornby took a fleet through during the Russo-Turkish war; (2) as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet during the Boer War, and (3) when war with Russia was rendered possible by the Dogger Bank incident, he says, "basing myself on the experience gained over so many years, when the project was mooted in the present war, my opinion was that the attempt to force the Dardanelles would not succeed." Lord Fisher delights in short, violent phrases. He never tires of flogging alive "the man full of words." Yet he takes more than forty pages to explain why he did not resign rather than support the wild cat scheme. He again and again cites Nelson's saying that no sailor but a fool would ever attack a fool. Sir Percy Scott gives eight good military reasons, stripped of technicalities and pedantry, so that a babe may understand them. We cannot print all, but one or two are enough; they are irresistible: "A concealed battery can fire at a ship, but a ship cannot return the fire. The shore gun can use a clinometer, the ship cannot. The shore gun fires from a steady platform, the ship from a rocking platform." Lord Fisher's knowledge is unimpeachable and all this is like A B C to him—all the worse that he sinned against the light. His failure to make an obstinate stand which the country would have supported detracts from the pleasure one would otherwise have derived from the pages of a book which would have been liked for its striking

suggestions and audacious sallies, if it had been the bantling of a youth just come of age. Of the many serious pieces of advice offered we select one, chiefly because of its immediate practicability: "... who shall deny, when we all stand up for them, that the Merchant Navy shall be incorporated in the Navy of the Nation and with all the rights and money and rank and uniform and widows' pensions and pensions in old age?" Nobody who thinks will deny the proposition, but the prospect of battling it with stick-in-the-mud officials and vote-catching politicians does not greatly tempt, and salutary changes like this never come from within. Sir Percy Scott's record is one of gunnery. His self-chosen mission has been to improve the gunnery of the Navy, and it is extraordinary that his path should have been strewn with difficulties at a period when great commanders and great statesmen were aware that a day was approaching when England once again would have to depend for another spell of existence on the decision of armies. In spite of the enemy having stolen a march on us it was our destiny to pull through, but it would be madness to depend again on our luck. What appears necessary is that changes should be introduced into the Admiralty with the view to inducing the inclusion therein of a greater proportion of open-minded, scientific men such as would be armed in advance against imposition although eager and keen to adopt and help every good invention. The continually raised wail of red-tapeism and unnecessary delay is disheartening, and energetic steps should be taken to remove the cause of complaint.

THE NEWDEGATE CENTREPIECE FOR THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

THE silver centrepiece for a table, by Paul Lamerie, sold by Messrs. Sotheby last week for just over £2,970, has been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the assistance of contributions of £500 each from the National Art-Collections Fund and the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, and donations from Mr. Otto Beit, Mr. G. C. Bower, Mr. Louis C. G. Clarke, Sir John F. Ramden, Bart., and Mr. A. S. Marsden Smedley. Messrs. Garrard generously represented the Museum at the sale without remuneration.

Connoisseurs of fine silver and all who appreciate the higher kind of craftsmanship will be grateful to the benefactors whose valued co-operation has enabled the Museum to acquire this superb piece of work. It is at present exhibited in Room 48 (West Hall).

By this acquisition a reproach has been removed from the national collection, which has hitherto possessed no example of the work of the most famous London silversmith of the eighteenth century. The centrepiece consists of an oval bowl surmounted by a dish and surrounded by a group of smaller dishes borne on branches. The repoussé panels, chased borders

and decorative details, modelled with flowers, masks and other ornament, are executed with the masterly skill which distinguishes Lamerie's work. Such power of decorative modelling raises craftsmanship very near the level of fine art, and justifies a system of design which in weaker hands might be meaningless. Moreover, though belonging to Lamerie's later and more florid period, it is a restrained example, the structure as a whole is quiet and unostentatious, and the instinct of a true artist has relieved its richness by the plain surface of the dishes. It measures 20ins. in length by nearly 10ins. in height.

The centrepiece has been in the possession of Sir Francis Newdegate's family ever since it was made. It bears the London hall-mark for 1743 with the mark of Paul Lamerie, and an inscription records its gift in that year to Sir Roger and Lady Newdegate in the following terms: "The Gift of y^e Rt Hon^{ble} Sophia Baroness Lempster to S^r Roger & Lady Newdegate, A.D: 1743." In this year Sir Roger married Sophia Conyers, a granddaughter of Lord Lempster, and the dishes are engraved with the arms of Newdegate impaling Conyers.



THE NEWDEGATE CENTREPIECE, THE WORK OF PAUL LAMERIE.

THE ESTATE MARKET

EXTENSIVE SALES TO TENANTS

THE chief feature of the market at the moment is the undiminished eagerness of tenant farmers to acquire their holdings and their reluctance to abide the result of an auction. A very satisfactory demand for residential properties continues to swell the weekly totals, which have averaged a million sterling in the last three or four weeks, of course taking into account urban investments.

INTERESTING PROPERTIES AT AUCTION.

The Shakespeare Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, is to be sold at Hanover Square on November 27th by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, jointly with Messrs. Walker Barnard and Son, other auctions by the former firm in the same week being: (at Hanover Square on November 25th) 127 acres in Windlesham, Surrey, the Manor and Twelve Oaks Dairy or Stud Farms; (at Machynlleth on November 26th) Cwm-Cadian Farm, 647 acres, belonging to the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P.; (at Hanover Square on November 27th) Hall Place, near Canterbury, No. 55, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, and freeholds in Fulham Road, West House, Campden Hill, Kensington, the house specially designed and built for the late Mr. George H. Boughton, R.A., is to be sold at Hanover Square on December 16th.

AN ARTIST'S HOUSE AND FURNITURE.

Following the sale, at very high prices, of the Chippendale and other antique furniture belonging to the late Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., Messrs. Giddy and Giddy have disposed of the house, 70, Addison Road, Kensington, the gardens of which were recently the subject of an illustrated article in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The firm's sales also include Ravenswood, one of the fine houses in St. John's Wood Park; the freehold of 37, Holland Park, and the direct Crown lease of 20, Kensington Palace Gardens. The late Sir Alfred Hickman's mansion, Wightwick Hall, Wolverhampton, and over sixty acres, a house erected about thirty years ago truly "regardless of expense," is to be sold on November 26th.

TAVERHAM HALL, NORFOLK.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have sold that capital sporting property in Norfolk, known as Taverham Hall, including the modern house in the Elizabethan style, near the cathedral city. The 3,000 acres comprise 520 acres of coverts and 200 acres of rough ground, all of which show grand, high-flying birds, and as many as 900 brace of partridges have been shot. In addition there are some miles of fishing in the Wensum. Bidding began at £40,000, and the hammer fell at £53,500 for the entire estate, including the timber. Of the Hartridge House property at Cranbrook some of the minor lots were sold, with Tolchurst Farm, the latter realising £4,000. The Warwickshire estate, Goldicote, was bought in, as was also Lady's Wood, Malmesbury, with 231 acres, in the best part of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt.

The White House and 106 acres, at Filongley, Coventry; Braunston House and six acres between Rugby and Daventry, and the Rugby property, Overslade House, have been sold, in private treaty, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. The riverside freehold of 200 acres, Hythe End, Wraybury, and another estate of the same acreage on the Hog's Back, Surrey, have changed hands, through Messrs. Norbury-Smith and Company, who have likewise sold Holywell House and 350 acres at Swanmore, Hants., to a client for whom Messrs. Diblin and Smith acted.

SUTTON SCARSDALE.

The Duke of Devonshire bought the residence known as The Rock for £3,950, at the Sutton Scarsdale auction, held by Messrs. Thurgood and Martin (Chancery Lane), at Chesterfield. Bids for the mansion began at £8,000 and ended in withdrawal at £12,500. So far the total realisations amount to £105,000, an excellent sale.

KILMAHEW CASTLE SOLD.

Approximately £45,000 was obtained at Glasgow by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for the Kilmahew Castle estate on the Firth of Clyde, thus taking another of the properties mentioned in *COUNTRY LIFE* of September 27th out of the market.

DANGSTEIN.

Dangstein, near Petersfield, was offered on Tuesday by Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. Mellersh, and withdrawn at £32,000, a formal advance on the final bid.

SIR EDGAR SPEYER'S TOWN HOUSE.

One of the most notable modern houses in Mayfair has just come into the market in consequence of Sir Edgar Speyer's resolve to sell No. 46, Grosvenor Street. It was designed by Mr. Detmar Blow and exhibits a great number of different styles of treatment within its massive stone-fronted exterior

in the Italian style. The Louis XV music-room is a noble apartment, in which is probably the best organ to be found in a private residence in the whole of London. From the hall Renaissance and Gothic staircases ascend to the elaborately adorned and spacious rooms of the upper floors, and there is an Italian garden, in which marble work of a very diversified and striking character has been introduced. The property, which is held on a long lease direct from the Duke of Westminster, will come under the hammer of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. early in the new year.

LADY RAPHAEL'S CAVENDISH SQUARE HOUSE.

Within a few hours of the auction Messrs. Mabbett and Edge succeeded in finding a purchaser for Lady Raphael's town mansion, No. 5, Cavendish Square. The house is notable for its decorations, characteristic of the style of the Brothers Adam, and is also remembered as having been the scene in 1851 of the International Chess Tournament of the year of the Great Exhibition.

The last week or so has seen further extensive realisations, including some £76,000 for farms on the Ruthin Castle estate, at the local auction held by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons.

CEFN MABLY.

Lord Wharton and other large landowners are said to be contemplating the disposal of extensive areas. The Cefn Mably estate of Lord Wharton is some 6,000 acres in the district between Newport and Cardiff. Cefn Mably was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XXIV, page 738). It is a fine structure unspoilt by the passing of nearly three centuries since it was built on the site of the original building which was of about the twelfth century. Secret chambers, approached by ingenious devices, speak of the turbulent times in which it originated. The house sheltered Charles I in his hurried retreat to South Wales, when the Parliamentary troops were hard on his heels. Sir Nicholas Kemys, an ancestor of the present owner, lost his life in the defence of Chepstow Castle against the Roundheads. By the marriage, early in the eighteenth century, of the heiress of the Kemys family to Sir John Tynte, Somersetshire estates also came into the same ownership.

SALE OF PLAS NEWYDD.

The famous old home of "the Ladies of Llangollen," Plas Newydd, has been sold by Mr. J. H. Duvven to Lord Tankerville. The house is one that most visitors to North Wales endeavour to see, and during the past summer several thousands of people went over it.

LANWADE AND EXNING.

Sir Henry B. Bird has just bought Lanwade Hall and 300 acres at Newmarket from Brigadier-General Baird, who acquired that property and Exning, which, it is understood, he is also selling, about a quarter of a century ago.

WEST COUNTRY REALISATIONS.

Devon and Somerset estates have been most successfully dealt with during the last few days. Over £6,300 was realised for about 100 acres near Axminster intersected by the Axe at an auction held by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons. Tenants' purchases in advance of the auction account for the greater part of the £21,540 paid to Messrs. Driver, Jonas and Co. for land on the Knowstone estate at South Molton. In the case of the Somerset property, Cossington Manor, Bridgwater, all the farms fell to the tenants, the total, apart from timber, being £48,395. Messrs. W. H. Palmer and Sons were the auctioneers. Roundly, £30,000 was secured at Messrs. W. R. J. Grenslade and Co.'s Taunton sale, tenants again being very much to the fore.

THE NORMAN COURT TENANTS' PURCHASES.

Landowner and agent worked to such good purpose in their negotiations with the tenantry that Messrs. Carter, Jonas and Co.'s sale particulars of the Norman Court outlying properties were materially abbreviated by the time the auction came round. Mr. H. C. Knapman, Mr. Washington Singer's agent, sold all but 1,300 acres before the public offering of the land at Salisbury. The tenants are emphatic in their praise of the manner in which they have been dealt with, and Mr. Washington Singer has sent each of them an autograph letter expressing his sincere satisfaction at the harmonious conduct of the transactions. So long as land has to be sold, we hope that a like harmony will prevail.

The realisations of the Trentham estate, including the proceeds of the recent seven days' sale at Stoke-on-Trent by Messrs. Barber and Sons, approximate to £334,000, and tenants there also have contributed substantially to the result.

Since the auction Messrs. Leslie, Marsh and Co. have sold Red Lodge and 186 acres at Banstead for which the bidding under the hammer was some £7,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRITISH SNAKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Since you published a letter from me in your issue of September 13th under the heading of "A Remarkable Viper" I have been asked several questions about the *Coronella laevis*. Oddly enough, I happened to be reading the life of Frank Buckland, and on page 114 it is recorded that when medical officer to the 2nd Life Guards in 1862 he wished to obtain a living specimen of a then new British snake, the *Coronella laevis*; so he sent a professional viper-catcher, one White, down to the New Forest with orders to catch every living snake he saw—the common ringed snake (*Coluber natrix*) excepted. In four days White returned with his catch in a bag. It was opened and emptied out in an empty barrack-room, and in half a minute there were fifteen vipers and two coronellas wriggling on the floor. The first thing he did was to catch the two coronellas again, separating them from the vipers, which were also recaptured. One of his experiments with the vipers is described, but I believe no further mention is made of the coronellas. Incidentally, the above answers the principal question, though vaguely; namely, how long has it been recognised as a British species? A second is answered by showing, at all events for the New Forest district, its average numbers compared to that of the viper. In 1880, after our first introduction at school to the coronella, I well remember in the holidays telling an uncle, who had been in the Navy, about it. However, I told him my friend had been bitten by this harmless snake which to us looked just like a viper, and I asked him if he knew what it was. He did, and not only gave the English name, but the full Latin name as well. On November 1st, which was none too balmy, while out shooting I saw a viper, and not wishing it to escape, shot it. As from the colour and size I had an idea that it might be a gravid female I had it kept, and as I enclose the body you will see I was correct. It seems abnormally out of season to me, as one imagines young vipers to be born in the middle of summer. One of the guns out with me while on leave this autumn went for fishing to Sutherlandshire. While becalmed on a loch about three-quarters of a mile wide and near the middle of it, he saw something come up to the surface looking dark against the still water. He struck at it with an oar, and found he had killed a small viper.—EDWARD KING.

[Professor Boulenger replies to this letter as follows: "Your correspondent's observation on a gravid female adder so late in the season is very interesting. No doubt the snake was seeking winter quarters, and the young would have been born next spring. In my little book, 'Snakes of Europe' (Methuen and Co., 1913) I have mentioned (page 84) that in our snakes pairing takes place in spring; sometimes again at the end of summer or in the autumn. And further on (page 239), dealing with our adder, *Vipera berus*, I have stated that pairing takes place in April and May, and the young, five to twenty in number, are born in August or September, exceptionally as early as the end of July. . . . It is probable that, exceptionally, some individuals pair late in the summer or in the autumn. There is a trustworthy account, by Eiffe, of three pregnant females having been caught near Hamburg on March 12th, 1882, one of them giving birth to young on the following day. As your correspondent is interested in the smooth snake, *Coronella austriaca* or *laevis*, I would refer him to my illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE, June 23rd, 1906, page 915.—G. A. BOULENGER."]

THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Those who have been concerned, as I have, with the local administration of the Board's ploughing campaign, will have been interested in your leading article of last week. Will you allow me to correct you in one particular? You wrote, "at present there is no law by which a farmer can be obliged to cultivate his land to a high standard. There is only public opinion urging him to it." The fact is that "Dora" remains alive until peace is signed with Turkey, but Agricultural Executive Committees are naturally unwilling to use powers which will soon be extinguished. When "Dora" is buried, the power to enforce proper cultivation, given by Part IV of the Corn Production Act of 1917 and the amending act of 1918, will automatically come into force. Under these Acts the Board of Agriculture has power to take steps, (a) when any land is not being cultivated according to the rules of good husbandry, and (b) when they think that production of food could be increased by a change in the mode of cultivation or in the use to which the land is put. In effect, however, the Board, or an Agricultural Executive Committee acting for it, will only be able to deal drastically with a farmer if he is offending against good husbandry. The recourse to arbitration in the case of a change in the mode of cultivation (*i.e.*, the ploughing out of grass land), will make it impracticable for the Board to press its wishes, however reasonable. When, moreover, they come to administer the Act in the interests of good husbandry,

they will only be able to deal with the worst offenders. The only penalty provided for failure to comply with an order is determination of tenancy. This is very drastic and would obviously be adopted by a County Committee only after considerable hesitation. It is as though death were the only penalty for giving a man a black eye or picking his pocket. The Board, therefore, needs to get its powers not so much increased as made more, elastic. For example, if a farmer is bidden to cut his thistles and fails to do so the County Committee ought to be free to enter on his land, cut the thistles and recover from him the cost of the work, as they would do under "Dora." In a word, the "Dora" regulations, pruned perhaps in the light of the knowledge of their working, need to be made statutory. I do not like your suggestion that the Board's Crop Reporters should be used as spies on the local farmer. They are only part-time employees of the Board, and though competent enough for their rather modest duties, they are not always men of much standing in the county. Farmers would much dislike being spied on by the minions of a Government department. The proposed Agricultural Committees of the County Councils provide the proper machinery for the performance of these duties. A Cultivation Sub-committee, consisting of the most successful and progressive farmers in the county, would be a court before which no farmer could object to appear if charged with failure to get the best out of his land. It would be the ideal English justice of "trial by his peers." Some such control will surely be demanded by the State if it is to guarantee to the farmer for a good term of years that he shall secure reasonably remunerative prices for his crops. The Prime Minister quite clearly regards the latter demand as reasonable, but is unlikely to let the farmer off his share in the bargain. The consumer will be very

shy of guarantees to the producer, and will only accept them as an insurance policy of national safety if he is convinced that the producer is compelled to use the land to the fullest advantage for the maximum production of food. The farmer must recognise that security in the possession of a fair market means also responsibility for taking the goods to market. To fill his purse he must speed his plough, not merely sit and watch the grass grow.—A. E. C.

A DISCOVERY AT CORPUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph represents discoveries made in the Old Court of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, founded 1351. In taking down the partition at one corner of the room, two bunks were revealed, which are probably specimens of the sleeping bunks in which university scholars and pensioners were accustomed to sleep during the Middle Ages, occupying the same room as a Master of Arts, who would supervise their studies. If this conjecture is right, it is consequently of intense interest to academic historians. The Old Court of Corpus, which was probably finished by the time the college was founded, is the oldest four-sided academic building in either University. The chambers were built in two floors, the walls outwardly being without buttresses and parapets, and internally unplastered, with open rafters to the roof. The windows were unglazed and had wooden shutters, and the floors were generally of clay. The bunks are formed in oak wood framing, with interspaces of plaster. The framing is painted green, and there is a roughly painted border of green around the plaster panels.



WHERE UNDERGRADUATES SLEPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The bunks are cleverly formed over the sloping staircase (visible in the photograph), leading from the Court to the rooms by a door, which is not visible in the photograph. They were discovered in a smaller inner room connected with the bedroom. A partition between the two upright oak posts on either side of the lower bunk hid them from view. The length of the bunks is about 5ft. 6ins., a moderate length which can only be explained by the youth of the students at the time. The mediaeval undergraduates were, as we know, little more than children.—E. B.

QUINCE JELLY AND MARMALADE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly let me know some recipes for making quince jam and marmalade? Also can you suggest in what way we could use sloes?—MABEL HUME CAMPBELL.

[This year quinces have done nobly, and many trees have borne more heavily than ever before. The following treatment for 12lb. of quinces, has turned out very satisfactorily: Cut into thin slices, cover with water boil to a mush, and strain through a jelly bag until three pints of juice are yielded. To the juice add 2lb. of sugar, and be rewarded, after slow boiling for an hour, with 3lb. of jelly. Rub the remaining and still juicy mush through a fine wire sieve; it will give about 13lb. of smooth pulp. Add 11ozs. of sugar to the pound, and boil strenuously for two hours, stirring manfully. This will give 17lb. of cheese; 10 ozs. of sugar to the pound is enough, and even better for those who like the "quick peculiar" flavour more pronounced. Twenty pounds may be made from 12lb. of fruit, and rather less than 11lb. of sugar. Quince marmalade is another name for quince cheese.—ED.]

WILDFOWLING IN THE VALLEYS OF THE VENETIAN ESTUARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph, taken in one of the Valleys of the Venetian Estuary, may be of interest to your readers as illustrating my account of the *Caccia di Balle* printed in the shooting pages of your last issue. I think it shows sufficiently well the marked characteristics of the district—the immense spaces of the great sheets of water over which the wind sweeps perpetually.—E. ARRIGONI DEGLI ODDI.

PHOTOGRAPHING A CURLEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph was taken on a Yorkshire moor last spring, a week after the second fall of snow in April. I had put up my hiding tent (an ordinary "bivouac" tent camouflaged with rushes) in front of the nest on the previous day, and when I arrived at 10 a.m. there was a steady drizzle. After a wait of about five minutes the curlew appeared, stepping gingerly, as she was rather scared of my tent, and sat down facing me. I then took one photograph, and she got off her nest, walked away and then came back again. I took several more in the same way, but had to whistle to get her off the nest each time to enable me to change my plate. I had to whistle because if I had moved she would have seen me and deserted her eggs. After an interval of twenty-five minutes she apparently felt uncomfortable and got up and shuffled her eggs into position. I continued to study and photograph her until I had used all my plates and found that the water was oozing through the cracks in my mackintosh. So I sang until she went away, and then went home myself.—L. LANE.



A CURLEW ON ITS NEST.

of February 1st, 1916: "The Pasteur Institute has found a product which seems to be really efficacious, 'Extract of Squills,' made from the bulbs of the Scilla or sea onion. This is a most active poison, and at the same time one of the most practical, as it is without danger to men or dogs, while a tenth part of a milligramme is enough to kill a rat—also it appears that this animal likes it. 'With one litre of the extract,' writes an Army surgeon, 'I have been able to destroy in a single night 420 rats in the same trench.' As the result of such success the Pasteur Institute has decided to make the Poison in large quantities and every day 1,200 litres of Extract of Squills are sent to the Front." I have used the extract here, which I used soaked in grain; the rats took it pretty freely, and it much reduced their numbers. I recommended its use by the County Council some two years ago, and although the Sanitary Inspector experimented with the squills extract very successfully for a short time, nothing more has been done since that day.—A. M. B.

A COCK PHEASANT CHASING PARTRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This afternoon a covey of partridges six in number was in one of my fields, and I was surprised to see a cock pheasant chasing them. After several minutes he separated two of them, and after moving them about 40yds.



ON THE VENETIAN ESTUARY.

they got up and flew about 100yds., the pheasant after them. The partridges settled and the pheasant again started the same game. Eventually the other partridges joined up with the first two. I have never seen such a thing before, and would like to know if it is a usual thing for pheasants and partridges to be together in this way.—GUY BARCLAY.

THE ARMY HUT AS A BUNGALOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think your readers will be interested to see the enclosed photograph of what I believe is one of the first group of smallholders' bungalows finished and occupied, converted from an Army hut. It is one of a considerable number being adapted by the Small Holdings Committee of the County Council for East Suffolk, and the settler's ample family standing in front of it is a good augury for the class of man now being settled on the land. The accommodation includes a scullery with open grate for wood burning, copper and sink; a living-room with range and oven; a pantry; four bedrooms, all with separate entries from the passage, and one of them with an open grate so that it may be available for use as a parlour if so desired. Sanitation is by an outside E.C., approached by a covered way, and water is laid on to the bungalow from a central supply. As the photograph shows, the bungalow is erected quite in a temporary way, and not on permanent brick or concrete foundations: even so, the cost of building has worked out at £400. The rules of the Ministry of Health with regard to the granting of public loans to the County Councils provide that for timber houses of this kind the loan has to be repaid within fifteen years, and that period is only extended to forty years when all the timber is treated with preservative under pressure, which means, in fact, creosoting. That is a difficult matter in these days, and it may well be that the pressure of the need for housing will drive the Ministry of Health to allow a longer loan period for houses built of untreated timber. It is, however, natural that the guardian of the public purse should be cautious. Most of the timber now available is of poor quality and quite unseasoned. It is very liable to dry rot, and there is, therefore, not so much substance in the claim for a longer period as may at first sight appear. The real standard by which to judge this matter is as to whether an ordinary person, lending money on a bungalow converted from a wooden Army hut, would be inclined to risk his own money for a longer period than fifteen years. If he would not so risk it, it is unreasonable to expect the Government to risk it. A good deal has been said about the use of similar huts for farm buildings,



THE FIRST CONVERTED ARMY HUT AT BRAMFORD.

as well as for the small holder's cottage; but this needs to be approached with caution, because cattle and horses give a light timber building rather rough usage, and it will consequently fall somewhat rapidly into bad repair. People are apt to take short views on the subject of temporary buildings. Although their use may reduce capital cost, that will be no advantage if heavy annual cost of maintenance is involved. No doubt the desperate lack of building

materials and of labour will drive people into building with all sorts of materials which used to be regarded as dangerous and unsatisfactory, and there seems no way out of it. An immediate need has to be met and risks have to be taken, but there is no doubt that in fifteen or twenty years' time there will be a good deal of rueful comment on the then value of some of the buildings which are now being run up.—W.

GOLF NOTES

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ON THE GIVING OF PUTTS.

A FRIEND of mine has sent me an interesting little wail on the ethics of the giving of short putts. A day or two since, it appears, he was playing in a foursome of some little moment, and was doing very well in it till at about the sixth hole he was faced with a putt of a foot and a half. He was just going to attack it when one of his opponents said, "Shall we give it to him?" The other had a look at the putt and answered, "I think we had better make him hole it." After this palaver my luckless friend settled down to the putt—and missed it. Incidentally, he adds that he missed most of the other shots during the rest of the round. This damage is, as the lawyers would call it, too remote, but I do think he has a legitimate grievance over that putt. Either a putt should be given instantly and ungrudgingly or the player should be allowed to hole out without comment. A foursome couple must appoint out of their number a captain or either partner must be prepared to shoulder the responsibility, or they must keep quiet. I do not believe there is a golfer in the world so mild and even tempered that he does not experience a feeling of irritation when his opponent wonders audibly whether or not to give him a putt. On the other hand, no golfer has any right to be annoyed at being asked to hole out anything.

EITHER ONE THING OR THE OTHER.

"Either one thing or the other" should be the golfer's motto in this matter. And my aggrieved one goes on to say that "it ought to be a recognised part of the etiquette of the game that if there is any audible suggestion by an opponent as to the giving of a putt, either in singles or foursomes, that

putt should be automatically considered as holed." In this my friend follows one of the great mentors under whom we sat in our golfing youth. He wrote that there was only one answer to the remark "I suppose you can't miss that," and that was "No, I can't," accompanied by the picking up of the ball. Of course, all these questions with their ensuing little huffinesses and misunderstandings, would never arise if we all followed the recommendation of the Rules Committee and did not give putts at all. But that, it is tolerably certain, we shall never do; the short putts are not only such little beasts, but such little bores as well. I notice that in exhibition matches, more especially four-ball matches, the professionals are good showmen in regard to these putts. They give them to each other very liberally, sometimes of a length that in a real "blood" match I would not give to an archangel. They are very wise to do so; the poor things have already to suffer a good deal at the hands of those who record their matches, and they play the rest of the game so perfectly that the critic has nothing but the short game whereby to earn his money. Besides, nobody likes to see a magnificently played hole marred by a 3ft. putt.

LADIES AND AMERICANS.

Ladies are, I think, sterner and more sensible about this matter than men are. They neither give nor expect any quarter, and hole out as a matter of course. They sometimes do so when the result of the hole or even the match cannot possibly be affected. I remember very well a great match between Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Dodd in the Championship at Hunstanton. Miss Ravenscroft was dormy one, and at the last hole both were about equidistant from the hole—some 4ft.—in the same number

of shots. Miss Ravenscroft played the odd, and holed her ball and the match was over. Nevertheless, the gallery stood motionless until Miss Dodd had also very carefully holed her putt, the whole question at issue being whether she lost the match by one hole or two. Nor did anyone seem particularly surprised, so that there is clearly a great psychological gulf fixed between the sexes. American golfers, again, hole out many irrelevant putts, because they never cease to count their score. I recollect playing in a four-ball match on a Chicago course, and at the first hole my partner being on the green in 2 and I in a bunker in 3, I picked up my ball. It was clear that the spectators thought I had done something very singular, if not discreditable, and my kind host explained to them that such were the remarkable habits of British golfers.

AN ARCHITECTURAL CONFERENCE.

One might almost say nowadays that the business of golfing architecture is, like that of meat packing, in the hands of mighty trusts. Chicago has its "Big Four"—we have our big two. Mr. Harry Colt, Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. Hugh Alison are one amalgamation; Mr. Herbert Fowler and Mr. Tom Simpson are another. The latter couple we see at work in Mr. Ambrose's picture. Mr. Simpson looks rather like the ruthless surgeon who is about to perform the operation: Mr. Fowler the comparatively benevolent consultant who suggests it. What the exact operation is I do not know, but it probably involves cutting a nasty, deep hole on some part of the course where unfortunate golfers are frequently wont to stray. Mr. Fowler has made many courses, but, I take it, he will never want a better epitaph than the two words, "Walton Heath."



CONSPIRATORS PLOTTING A BUNKER.

In those two fine courses there, side by side he has raised for himself an enduring monument. From the point of view of pure ingenuity he has probably done nothing cleverer than the putting greens at North Foreland. Here on comparatively flat and unpromising ground he has plumped down eighteen greens, full of varied, interesting and devilish slopes, that look a little like Mr. Simpson's plasticine models—a really wonderful example of how much Art can assist Nature.

CAMBRIDGE GOLF REBORN.

While the men of Oxford have already begun to play matches, Cambridge golfers have been dormant. They have lost that best of secretaries, Mr. Charles Pegg, who has left Cambridge after steering the club through many shoals and quicksands and earning the affection and respect of every single undergraduate that ever knew him. Moreover, they have lost the course at Coton (not a very severe loss perhaps) which figured in an article in COUNTRY LIFE the other day

on the reclamation of waste land in Cambridgeshire. They have no O.d. Blues up, since Mr. R. B. Vincent, who would have been captain in 1915, is still a glittering major helping people to disembark at Southampton. However, he has found time to rush down to Cambridge and to help the golf club to come to life again. It is reborn, moreover, in very auspicious circumstances, for Mr. C. P. Johnstone, a cricket Blue, is the new captain, and among his supporters are Mr. G. E. C. Wood and Mr. J. S. F. Morrison, who are the two most distinguished athletes in Cambridge to-day. Where they lead plenty of others will follow, and one may hope that by next term Cambridge will have a good team, though whether it will contain anyone good enough for Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley is an open question. If only the delightful little sandy course of Mildenhall could be picked up on a magic carpet and put down close to Cambridge all would be well, but, alas! it is more than twenty miles away; and as to the train that goes there, you have almost to watch the hedges to see that it is moving.

MERITORIOUS TURF PERFORMANCES IN 1919

MY DEAR'S LIVERPOOL CUP.

IT would be interesting to hear from those of my readers who are really keen on racing what they consider to be the most meritorious performances of the 1919 racing season, which has but a week more to go. We may all have views on this point, but there should be general agreement in regard to two or three horses. Thus there will always be photographed on my mind the two magnificent performances of Irish Elegance. First was when he made all the running for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot and won under the great burden of 9st. 11lb. The second occasion was when he won the Portland Plate at Doncaster under 10st. 2lb. And great as those performances were, I doubt whether they were intrinsically greater than when this champion only just failed under 10st. 2lb. to beat King Sol, in receipt of no less than 44lb., for the Stewards' Cup. King Sol showed afterwards what a really smart horse he is, but only "really smart" among average horses. Irish Elegance had nothing to do with the average. It could yield no comparisons where he was concerned.

Perhaps those three performances do stand out from all others, but I want to advance the claims of two others, and they are both mares. There is Diadem, rising six years of age, the winner of seven races as a five year old and second quite recently for the Cambridgeshire, giving a lot of weight to the winner, Brigand. What specially impressed me this year was when she won the Town Moor Handicap at Doncaster last September, giving 24lb. to Quadrille, a four year old, and 28lb. to that same Brigand, who was destined in October to turn the tables on her. Well, that was a very fine performance, which must always stand out in the racing records of 1919. My third brilliant one is, of course, My Dear, as courageous and as grand a "bit o' stuff" as ever was foaled. She was third in the Cambridgeshire, giving 4lb. to Diadem, and since last I wrote in these pages she has accomplished a magnificent handicap performance. A week ago she won the Liverpool Cup under the big weight of 9st. 5lb., incidentally giving 34lb. to Alasnam, who was second, and nearly as much to Sir Berkeley, who was third.

I shall have later opportunities of reviewing the features of 1919, but I cannot refrain from commenting on the fact that the champions of the season are the older horses and not three year olds, as should be the case. The moral, of course, is that the three year olds of 1919 are a dreadfully bad lot, and no one can dispute the fact. It was otherwise in recent years. Thus the "star" performer of last season was Gainsborough; of 1917, Gay Crusader; of 1916, Fifinella; of 1915, Pommern—all three year olds. Not a single three year old in 1919 has any claim to eminence. Poor unfortunate Buchan could not win a classic race. The Panther, to me personally, was a bitter disappointment after his Two Thousand Guineas win. Roseway was an unworthy winner of the One Thousand Guineas, and Keysoe undoubtedly was presented with the St. Leger through the amazing lack of judgment of all the other jockeys engaged.

In seeking for champions in 1919 I purposely leave aside the two year olds, in which category Tetratema stands out as fairly supreme. His great tests are to come. The trio I have selected will suffice, and in contemplating them I note how the two mares stand for what is understood as "class" in racing.

Diadem won the One Thousand Guineas and My Dear won the New Oaks last year on the disqualification of Stonyford. It is really the latter's brilliant success at Liverpool which set me off writing in this strain, for it is a fact that her achievement was so splendid that I find it very hard to do it justice. You have to bear in mind that she is not a big one in any sense, except, of course, that her heart is big enough for anything. Only a week or two ago there was a picture of her in COUNTRY LIFE—an excellent one, too—as one of the illustrations to my article on the Mantle Stable and Stud. She has a rare back and quarters, those quaint, semi-lop ears which detract so much from the real quality of any thoroughbred, and in general appearance you would not mislead if you described her as "varminty." The tendency of her physique is towards lightness. In that way did she appeal to me as I looked her over in the paddock at Liverpool prior to her race.

Personally, I shall always believe she owed much of her victory to the perfect jockeyship of Donoghue. It was he who saw to it that she should be placed well throughout, that she should be in her challenging last run at the right instant and place, and that she should be kept beautifully balanced so that her glorious action should count to the full. On her part, too, she was able by reason of her fine speed to take up the position on this course of turns which Donoghue aimed at for safety's sake lest he should suffer interference from slower and beaten horses; and later she had in reserve that stamina which enabled her to withstand the rush of the lightly weighted Alasnam to win her triumph. This performance, therefore, is one which I single out to place with those put up by Irish Elegance and Diadem as the most meritorious of the season. I may add that My Dear is the best son or daughter yet sired by Beppo. Her dam, Silesia, is a daughter of Spearmint, by Carbine, and she was bred by the late Mr. A. W. Cox, who bequeathed all his horses at stud and in training to his brother, Mr. A. R. Cox. I have an idea that Spearmint mares are going to prove very valuable at the stud.

What I saw at Liverpool on the day I have been describing leads me to think that the winner of the Derby Cup, to be decided while this is in the press, took part in the Cup race. I have in mind Alasnam. This horse has been "crabbed" by most, or all, of the Newmarket correspondents. They would not agree that he was any good at all. Yet what is his record of late? Fourth in both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, second for the Liverpool Cup, and now the very likely winner of the Derby Cup. If he should be beaten the one most likely to inflict defeat is Planet, who won a little race at Liverpool and who, I know, is much fancied for this Derby race. Lord Rosebery's Rizzio was to have been a runner, but wretched luck continues to dog this son of two Derby winners—Cicero and Signorinetta—He met with an accident at his training quarters when apparently doing extraordinarily well in his work.

Flat racing ceases at the end of the coming week, and it may not be inappropriate if I attempt a shot at finding the winner of the Manchester November Handicap. Those I have most fancy for, having regard to the weights and their form this autumn, are Happy Man, Alasnam and Chat Tor. They are all three year olds, and the fact of selecting them seems opposed to my

argument concerning the poorness of this year's three year olds. Still, what older horses can you take in preference to them? My Dear, Arion and Queen's Square are not likely to run. Grand Fleet, however, is fancied, and those who are attracted by this horse may take it from me that Barling thinks a lot of his chance. Planet's 8st. 12lb. includes a 7lb. penalty and, moreover, both he and Alasnam may have run at Derby. You will be better able to estimate their chances by their showing this week. King John does not charm me as he does some people, but I pause at the name of Golden Fleece. This is an Irish horse

that has actually won steeplechases in the course of his varied career. He is a very fine individual himself, and I am almost tempted to name him with one of the three year olds—Alasnam, if he has misfired at Derby, or Happy Man. Chat Tor is a popular fancy, but I do not think he had much to do when winning the Lancashire Handicap at Liverpool, for Frank Webber is a most ungenerous horse. As regards minor races at Manchester, I will merely suggest that Mr. Fred Hardy expects to win another mile nursery handicap with his very good youngster, Fancy Man.

PHILLIPPOS.

EASTERN COUNTIES' COMMERCIAL FRUIT SHOW

THE Commercial Fruit Show held last week in Cambridge was an event of great importance to British fruit-growers. It was the first of its kind held in the Eastern Counties, and fruit-growers from all parts of the country met at Cambridge on this occasion. Most of the exhibits came from the Eastern Counties. The exhibition was remarkable for two things—the very high quality of the fruit (chiefly apples), and the exceedingly bad way in which many of the apples were packed. Apples can be, and are, grown in East Anglia equal to those in any part of the British Isles, which is another way of saying that the apples are equal to those grown in any part of the world. It is, however, a most astounding thing that the sale of fruit is in many cases ruined by bad packing. Good fruit-growers are often bad packers, and some of the finest apples at the Cambridge show were among the worst packed. After all the care that has been bestowed in cultivation it is appalling to think of the chances that are thrown away because the fruit is not sent to the British market in a presentable condition.

Bad packing of English-grown apples is apparent in every large town in the British Isles. The fruit is often sent in nondescript packages. Only those boxes of apples which are carefully graded, and tightly packed, demand the better prices. These are more readily sought after in our home markets. The Americans know the advantages of good packing for the British market. The brand or trade mark is sufficient for the salesman. Happily, there were at Cambridge a few instances at least of apples in sieves, boxes and barrels that would bear comparison with imported fruit. There were, however, many instances of fruit loosely packed, bruised and shaken down in transit. In some cases apples were unsatisfactorily packed in hay. Another somewhat astounding thing at the Cambridge show was the fact that only a few boxes in competition were of regulation size. It is suggested for the 1920 show that the federation standard boxes be compulsory, the size being 20ins. long, 11ins. wide and 10ins. deep inside measurement.

In years to come, no doubt, the bulk of British-grown dessert apples will be sent to market in boxes. These boxes are non-returnable and are readily handled. At the present time most of our apples are sent to market in bushel and half-bushel baskets. As these baskets are returnable, it leads to much delay, and the trade is kept in the hands of the salesman. At the present time, however, the regulation

boxes cost about two shillings each, and this is a very considerable expense on the non-returnable package. This is where imported fruit has advantages. Boxes bearing the trade mark known in our markets exchange hands without



COOKING APPLES IN BARRELS AND DESSERT APPLES IN BOXES.

being opened. Compare this with our antiquated and dishonest way of shooting apples into baskets and topping with finest picked fruits. Boxes are undoubtedly the thing for marketing dessert apples, but it is questionable if larger cooking apples are not better sent to market in barrels.



LORD DERBY APPLES IN COMPETITION.

One outstanding feature of the Cambridge show was the preponderance, high quality, and good colour of apples from the Wisbech and Spalding districts. Of dessert apples, Cox's Orange Pippin was well to the fore. In the considered judgment of some of our leading market growers many of the samples of Cox's Orange Pippin were too large. This, however, is a good fault with such a high quality apple. That excellent apple James Grieve was also well shown, although the fruits were rather past their best. This apple is coming rapidly to the fore. It is certainly a much better quality apple than Worcester Pearmain, although it has not the colour of the latter. In some districts, however, Worcester Pearmain by virtue of its colour still commands double the price of James Grieve, although it is a much inferior apple. Charles Ross was also shown in excellent form, but the fruits, although handsome, were on the whole too large for dessert purposes.

There was probably no class at the Cambridge show which created a finer display of colour than the boxes of Worcester Pearmain. The first prize fell to the lot of Mr. Stephenson, Burwell, Cambridge. Nothing could be more attractive to the eye.

Allington Pippins were well shown in half-bushel baskets. There were many entries, and the clean, well finished fruits

with long persistent calices were very attractive. The first prize for Allingtons was won by Mr. J. Russell of Wisbech.

A great deal of attention was centred round the class for associations in the Eastern Counties. It was for six varieties of apples, two packages of each variety. The first prize in very keen competition was won by the Wisbech Fruit Growers' Association. The varieties shown were Cox's Orange Pippin, Allington Pippin, Bramley's Seedling, Newton Wonder, King Edward and Lane's Prince Albert. The Spalding Bulb and Market Growers' Association were second with some very fine baskets of Blenheim Orange, Newton Wonder, Lord Derby and Gascoyne's Scarlet; and Essex third. The class for Bramley's Seedling was the largest in the show, there being over twenty exhibits. There were two systems of packing in this class, the "three two" packing and the straight packing; the former is considered the better. Barrels of cooking apples, notably Lord Derby, were remarkably good from the Wisbech and Ely districts.

The prospects of fruit growing in East Anglia are particularly bright. East Anglia produces between a quarter and one-third of all the soft fruits produced in this country, and there has been an increase of 2,500 acres in East Anglia put down to apples and plums since 1914. But growers in the Eastern Counties have much to learn in packing. H. C.

THE HURSLEY HUNT

THE Little Hursley, as they used to call it in Hampshire, dates from the year 1837, when Sir John Barker Mill, of Mottisfont Abbey, Romsey, asked of the H. H. (to which country the Hursley district belonged) for permission to hunt the country west of the Itchen. This was granted, and later the New Forest Hunt lent to the Hursley all the country north of the Romsey and Salisbury Line until that part of the New Forest country is reached which is now lent to the Wilton Hunt. Although, like the York and Ainsty, the Hursley is entirely made up of loans from neighbouring Hunts, like that country it is now a well-established Hunt with a history of its own. It is probable that when Richard Cromwell lived at Hursley his hounds hunted the Hursley country. Certain it is that his huntsman received a payment for a "fox's" head. The item is entered in the accounts of the churchwardens of Eling Church.

To come to a much later date, Mr. Villebois, the famous Master of the H. H., had a kennel at Hursley and went there to hunt the woodlands in the early autumn and late spring. The Hursley, as at present constituted, is a country with a considerable variety of soil. It is, to my mind, a very sporting country. One day we are in the woodlands; on another (generally, I believe, Friday) on the downs above Winchester. In wet weather this down country carries a screaming scent. There is nothing in the fields to hinder the fox, steady the hounds, nor, it must be confessed, to keep the field off the backs of hounds. The fox has the worst of it, for hounds can almost always beat a fox for pace in an open country. The fox's knowledge of the country and of the easiest way through fences avails him little. There is a small and pleasant vale in the south, fenced with banks that need a clever horse, but foxes more often run the woods than the vale. The Hursley is not a good scenting country except on

those favourable occasions in their top country that I have described above.

The sketches which accompany this article are evidently taken in the woodland country, except the one in Michelmarsh Wood, which is a most useful covert, from which,



CHARLES ISAAC



IN MICHELMARSH WOOD.

as the artist suggests, many a run has taken its start. This sketch is particularly happy, and I seem to hear the chorus of hound music echoing back which has started all the people galloping. As may be imagined, a country like the Hursley demands good hounds, and they have had some excellent packs. Sir John Barker Mills bought Lord Scarbrough's hounds when the country was started. Colonel Nicolls

went to Lord Portsmouth's, a pack accustomed to strong woodlands and to hunting a country that demanded nose and perseverance, for his blood. To go back further, the hounds Mr. Villebois brought to the Hursley kennels were bred for Hampshire. Of late the Hursley have received some drafts from the Badminton kennels. Not only have the Hursley had, and indeed the country requires, hounds with nose and



THE MASTER.



BLANK !

symmetry and stoutness, but they have had the services of some noted huntsmen. There was Foster, Mr. Villebois' huntsman, who was probably the best woodland huntsman of his day. There was, in later times, Alfred Summers, Colonel Nicolls' huntsman. Summers had a beautiful voice in the woodlands; his hound language was good, and he enjoyed the advantage of having a master (Colonel Nicolls) who kept his field in order. During the war Charles Isaac came to hunt them. So far as I know, Charles Isaac's whole previous experience, except a short time in very early youth with harriers in Devonshire, has been in the Shires. When I first remember him he was Will Goodall's trusted lieutenant in the Pytchley, when "Brooksby" immortalised him in some spirited verses as "the Galloping Whip." Then he went to Mr. Fernie as huntsman and stayed with him nineteen seasons; but he took kindly enough to the Hursley and showed some sport. In his time there was an invitation day in the New Forest Country at Awbridge Schools, just over the Hursley border on the Romsey side. They found in Squab Wood, and after hustling the fox about in covert, a member of the New Forest Hunt suggested that Isaac should hold his hounds over the main earth when they got there. Charles said to his guide, in his quaint way: "Sir, Charles has just seen him." This was no doubt the dog fox, but it was probably the vixen they had been hunting. This fox went away straight, hounds on good terms close to him, over the open to Bramshaw Wood, where they lost. "A good, straight-necked fox," says one who saw the hunt.

From the days of Richard Cromwell the owners of Hursley Park have been friends to hunting. Sir William Heathcote was a zealous fox preserver. The present owner, Sir George Cooper, hunted the country at his own expense from 1908 to 1916, when he was succeeded by Mr. Herbert Johnson, who is at present Master, with Ted Bailey as huntsman. Bailey has spent the greater part of his service in the Hursley as huntsman and whipper-in. He knows the country thoroughly, a great advantage in a woodland district. Here I may note that the sketch of the "blank draw" does not signify a shortage of foxes, but only that in extensive coverts, such as those from which the pack are being blown and foxes are hard to find. If on a bad scenting day a fox is moved in a big wood hounds may find it impossible to follow him up.

I have said that the Hursley, taking one day with another, is not a good scenting country, but to see a clever, patient, persevering huntsman show sport in spite of difficulties, to watch a good pack put their noses down and work up a run out of unpromising beginnings, is one of the pleasures of hunting. If it were not so, surely a drag would be better

fun; but, as we have seen, the Hursley Hunt has its days when foxes have no time to turn, when hounds drive every inch of the way, and when a blood horse has to gallop his best to live with them.

CHEAP POULTRY HOUSES.

THE cost of machined wood, such as rafters and matchboarding, is now so high, that, though doing all the carpentering oneself, one cannot put up a small poultry house at a reasonable cost. Here in Devon matchboarding, 7ins. by five-eighths is 3½d. per foot run, and three by two for framework, 3½d. Thus the wood alone for a house 6ft. by 4ft. by 4ft. would run to about £5.

While staying with relations last winter I put up a house of rough pine boards, and this proved quite satisfactory. The planks were all 9ft. long by 6ins. wide and 1in. thick. I therefore made the house 9ft. long. It was raised well off the ground on posts, and the space underneath, which I boarded on the north side, served as a scratching shed. As the house was roomy, and the supply of tools at my command somewhat scanty, I did not attempt outside nest boxes. I am now just completing a second poultry house for myself, and the wood is very similar to that used for the first one, but of somewhat better quality. These pine boards, which I obtained locally, were sawn about eighteen months ago, and so are pretty well seasoned. They are 1in. thick and 6ins. wide, and can be obtained in any reasonable length required. The cost is 3s. 6d. per cubic foot, *i.e.*, a 12ft. plank costs 1s. 9d. I have made the house 6ft. long, 4ft. wide, 4½ft. high in front, sloping down to 3ft. at the back. It is supported on six posts, and the floor is carried 18ins. beyond the back of the house, and on this ledge are built four roomy nest boxes, extending the whole length of the house. The space underneath is to serve as a scratching shed, and will be boarded on the north and east sides to keep it warm. The house will accommodate eight fowls. There is to be a broad dropping board running the whole length of the back, and over the entrances to the nest boxes. Above the board and 1ft. from the back there will be a perch, the whole length of the house. I do not think that the total cost, including the best 1in. mesh steel netting and felting over a plank roof will exceed £5. I fancy there is still a good deal of 1in. fir planking to be had in various parts of the country, and in some places, no doubt, the price is lower than that charged in Devon. Wherever the edges of boards fail to meet closely, a wind tight joint can easily be arrived at by tacking laths of thin wood over the seams. This is "ribbon-carvel" in sailor language.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

NATURE NOTES

MIGRATION OF THE GOLDEN CRESTED WREN

ONE of the many mysteries of migration is embodied in this tiny form, the smallest of British and, indeed, of European birds. One can well understand how the sabre-like wings of swift or swallow may set oceans at defiance, but how a mere feathered atom like the goldcrest comes to possess the indomitable will needed to face the leagues of watery waste that lie before it is a thing not easy to imagine. The bird is, of course, indigenous to Great Britain, and these islands would appear to provide all that it needs in the way of food and shelter, both in winter and summer. Yet, none the less, the vast contingents drawn from the pine-clad areas of Norway, Sweden, Lapland and North Russia, that make for our shores in mid-October, never fail to turn to the sea again, beyond which their true home lies, at the first call of the spring.

The autumnal visits of the goldcrests differ in some respects from those of most other immigrants. Their appearances on what may be called their recognised landing stages on the East Coast—Spurn Point for example—are curiously irregular.

Here the long spit of sand, bounded by the drearily flowing Humber, stretches far into the North Sea. The dunes are covered with the coarsely growing marram grass, and as winter draws nearer the dry, dead spikes stand against the sky. In one season scarcely a wren may be seen; in another, every tuft and tussock is alive with the diminutive forms, eagerly hunting for insects after their long flight. Many are so weary that they may easily be caught by the hand. One of the most remarkable of these "rushes" occurred in 1882. Instead of appearing at their usual time, the first goldcrests were seen at Spurn on August 6th, and, in the words of the report of the British Association Migration Committee, "they covered the entire length of the East Coast, and the migration extended over ninety-two days."

Brave as the little goldcrest may be, the terrible journey across the North Sea tries its endurance to the utmost limit. On one October morning, when fishing in Filey Bay, I saw a tiny bird form approaching from the open sea. It flew straight to the boat, alighted, and instantly tucked its head in its feathers and fell asleep. It was so utterly weary that it permitted itself to be put in the luncheon basket without the faintest flutter.

The question of small birds being assisted on migration by larger ones is one that has often been discussed. Mr. T. Nelson, in "Birds of Yorkshire," tells us as a fact in his own experience that a short-eared owl, bearing a goldcrest on its back, was seen to arrive on the Tees Breakwater, and that the little passenger was subsequently caught.

H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD.

[We have just received a letter from the Rev. P. Clementi-Smith, with the interesting news that he has for the first time in thirty-three years seen a cock golden crested wren in the City of London, and that in his own garden at St. Andrews by the Wardrobe Rectory.—ED.]

WATCHING A WOODCOCK'S NEST.

The woodcock (*Scolopax*) is usually looked upon as being mainly a winter visitor to our shores and only nesting sparingly in this country; indeed, until the last five or six years I believe such was the case, but of late years the numbers nesting in this district have increased annually, and this season I have heard of no fewer than seven nests in quite a limited area and have good reason to think there are one or two more. I was fortunately able to keep a nest under close observation for some time and found the male bird took a fair share in brooding



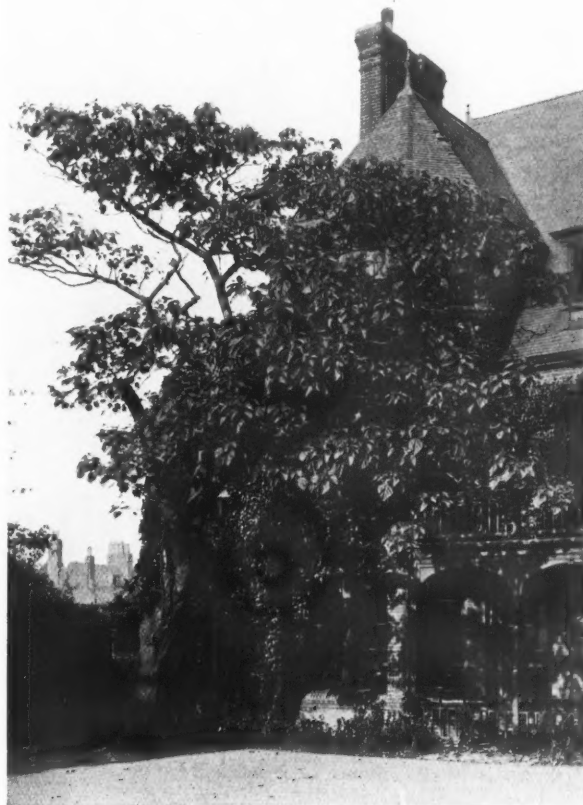
THE MALE WOODCOCK ON THE NEST.

in the early stages of incubation, but as hatching time drew near the female took more and more time on the nest, and during the last few days I did not see the male bird on at all. The accompanying photograph may be of interest, although to make the set complete I should have had one of the young birds when hatched; but unfortunately a violent thunderstorm prevented my visit to the nest at the critical time and, on going next day, I only found the empty shells, and had to be content with a "snap" of these as a souvenir showing that the birds had safely hatched.

BENJAMIN HANLEY.

A REMARKABLE PAULOWNIA TREE.

This Paulownia *Imperialis* grows in the John Horniman Convalescent Home at Worthing. The tree is of remarkable dimensions; its height is about 40ft., and the branches spread



THE WORTHING PAULOWNIA.

on one side to a distance of 30ft. I have not been able to find a record of any other tree of this species to compare with this. It is certainly much larger than the well known round-topped tree in the Cambridge Botanic Gardens. The tree at Worthing is unfortunately going back. However, those interested in rare trees will be glad to know that it is receiving special treatment this autumn; all the dead wood is being cut out clean back into the sound wood, and the freshly cut surfaces will be covered with white paint or tar to prevent fungus from entering the tree. The asphalt playing ground for children round the base of the tree is cracking, no doubt due to root pressure from the Paulownia tree; some of the asphalt is to be removed as well as the spread of the branches, and the ground underneath will be top-dressed with leaf mould and rich soil, after which the space will be railed off.

This species is a native of Japan; it was introduced into cultivation in 1840; it is probable that the tree shown in the accompanying illustration is one of the original importation. In Paris the Paulownia is planted as a street tree, and an avenue of the trees when in full bloom makes a very fine sight. The name Paulownia was given to this tree in honour of Anna Pawlowna, Princess of the Netherlands, daughter of Paul I, Emperor of Russia. Although this tree frequently perfects its blossoms in the south-west counties, it rarely does so further north; for the inflorescences which are formed in autumn usually fall a prey to winter cold or the frosts of early spring.

The Paulownia is an excellent tree; not only are its glorioxa-like flowers showy, but the leaves are also handsome and ornamental. The tree at Worthing has always been a source of pleasure to the trustees and certainly was an incitement to one of them to select this site for the Home when they were looking for a suitable plot of land nearly thirty years ago. H. C.

MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD SILVER PLATE

SOME of the oldest firms in the City of London are silversmiths. Their connection with the Goldsmiths' Company invests their craft with an almost unique position, for this Worshipful Company still carries traditional and constitutional powers and possesses the right to seize and destroy any production in the precious metals where the hall-mark has been either forged, inserted, or wilfully omitted, and heavily fine the maker; but other processes, known as Old Sheffield Plate, electro plate, etc., that need not conform to the laws of Goldsmiths' Hall have been all important in producing many very attractive and useful objects that are within easy reach of the ordinary householder. Among the firms who create these plated reproductions Messrs. Mappin and Webb have stood out pre-eminently for many years. Founded by Joseph Mappin (the great-grandfather of some of the present directors) at Sneffield in 1797, it was carried on from father to son, and a fortune was presently amassed that inaugurated the success of the house. About 1846 the first essay was made towards establishing a London business at 15, Ford Street, E.C. Ten years later the firm migrated to 67 and 68, King William Street, under the name of Mappin Brothers, and, after that date, became the recognised manufacturers of the invention of electro plate, and a little later of what is known as Prince's Plate, ever popular for its lasting properties and true silver appearance. The firm quickly established its hold upon the trade and made rapid

finely proportioned. This and the foot demanded great skill in hammering—in this instance the stem is made in no fewer than six portions. The foot is most typical of late Elizabethan cups, where the funnel shape slightly overhangs the hollow moulding immediately above the stamped leaf moulding of its base. The cup possesses its original gilding and is a well-preserved specimen of its time. Another delightful and rare piece is the Queen Anne fruit basket, hall-marked 1711, an illustration of which we show. The openwork scaling of the trellis that forms the sides centres in a coat of arms, while the perforations of the bottom radiate to an engraved centre; a bold roping heads the base, where the perforations are perpendicular, giving a sense of strength and simplicity; the handles resemble those found on Roman vases, and are beautifully modelled and chased. These baskets, which originated in the early part of the seventeenth century, are now exceedingly scarce. A good specimen decorated with masks upon the trellis was sold by Messrs. Christie in the Tipping Collection (see COUNTRY LIFE, May 6th, 1911). When these baskets are filled with fruit they make an ideal table decoration.

A plain octagon tea-caddy, also of the time of Anne and hall-marked 1710, in the same collection, is rather larger than usual. These were generally made in sets of two, for green and black tea, and sometimes with a sugar-basin of the same design. In many



QUEEN ANNE FRUIT BASKET.

9½ inches by 7½ inches. Hall-marked 1711.

strides in opening new branches of manufacture and extending its operations in distant countries. In addition to the inventions connected with plated ware and cutlery that Messrs. Mappin have advanced to so important a point, this firm has always been celebrated for its high quality of standard table plate, racing cups, and, lately, very careful reproductions from the antique which are hammered or raised from the flat by precisely the same methods as were employed on the original specimens. The services of an experienced expert are retained and, to preserve the correct characteristics of each period, a fine collection of old English plate has been formed in order to provide models for the purpose of exact reproduction. Monteiths, sugar-dredgers, cups, salvers, tea and coffee services, etc., are all represented, ranging between the dates 1600 to 1820, so that those desirous of obtaining plate similar in appearance in form and style to the antique can have their wishes gratified for a comparatively small sum. The disagreeable specimens of mid-Victorian silver will, in consequence, eventually find their way to the melting pot, and the present better educated community will cease to have any regrets in the matter. Among the interesting objects of this collection is a silver gilt standing cup with a London hall-mark of 1620. The bowl is covered with a design of grapes and vine leaves in the flat chasing, so admirably carried out in late Elizabethan and early Jacobean work; the balustered stem is

specimens the top slides, but in this instance the dome top takes off. When the cheapest tea was 17s. 6d. per pound these silver caddies formed a great feature, and although in the following twenty-five years, under the combined influence of Lamerie and P. Crispin, they became more and more elaborate, this plain plate of Anne, permeated with the mouldings of Wren, possesses dignity and style more suitable for hammered reproduction than the elaborated Chippendale silver of George II's reign.

Messrs. Mappin are determined in their reproductions not to depart in any way from the original, and both weight and surface are most carefully attended to, so the lover of good form in silver plate may be assured of a most accurate adherence to the old model. It is quite impossible to sum up the activities of this great firm in a few lines; they have fifteen branches in various parts of the world; they possess a very fine collection of pearls and jewellery, and a large department of business, greatly increased during the war, for campaigning outfits for officers and men.

The firm is well known for its generosity. John Newton Mappin left a large sum of money and all his pictures towards the founding of the Mappin Art Gallery and Western Park Museum in Sheffield, and the Mappin Treasures, which form one of the principal attractions at the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park, were one of the last public gifts of the late Chairman.

P. M.